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PRESS

THE WEAKEST GOETH
TO THE WALL

1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1912

This reprint of the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* has
been prepared under the direction of the General
Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company occurs the following entry :

.23. Octobris [1600] . . .

Entered for his copie vnder the handes of master pasfeild and Richard
master white Warden A booke called, the Weakest goethe to the Oliffes
Walles v^d

[Arber's Transcript, III. 175.]

The play appeared in quarto, printed by Thomas Creede for Richard Olive and dated the same year. Copies of this edition are preserved in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and collection of the Duke of Devonshire: all want the blank leaf at the beginning but are otherwise perfect. The first two have been collated throughout for the present reprint while the third has also been consulted, but the only real variation discovered is that in the running-title on sig. B 1^v where the Bodleian copy has a misprint. The type of the quarto is roman and approximates in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). On 6 Nov. 1615 Olive's widow transferred her right in the *Weakest Goeth to the Wall* to Philip Knight (Arber, III. 576), who on 18 Oct. 1617 passed it on to Richard Hawkins (Arber, III. 614). It was for Hawkins that a subsequent edition was printed in 1618 by G. P., i.e. George Purslowe. Of this copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Dyce collection, all perfect. The type is the same as in the earlier edition.

An attribution of the play to Dekker and Webster was made by Edward Phillips in 1675 and repeated by Winstanley in 1687. Like most of Phillips' ascriptions this rests upon a foolish misunderstanding of the early catalogues, in which

the play appears as anonymous, but it has been religiously recorded and discussed by recent writers in spite of the fact that Langbaine corrected the error as long ago as 1691.

The Earl of Oxford's company which is said on the title-page to have performed the piece, was a troupe of boys with whom Anthony Munday may have been associated. Not very much is known about them, but they can be traced in the provinces from 1580 to 1590; they performed at court on 27 Dec. 1584, and are known to have been in London in the winter of 1586-7 (J. T. Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i. 344, &c.). Between 1590 and 1600 nothing is heard of them, but the fact that a company under Oxford's patronage was habitually playing at the Bores Head in the spring of 1602 (Collections, i. 86), and further that a play belonging to it is described in the Stationers' Register on 3 July 1601 as 'lately playd' (Arber, III. 187), makes it unnecessary to suppose an early date for the present piece.

Though the historical setting is different, the play is clearly based upon the first novel, that of Sappho, Duke of Mantona, in Barnabe Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession*, 1581. The story is claimed by Rich as his own invention, and no Italian source has ever been discovered though critics have followed one another in asserting its existence.

In the reprint the division into scenes has been indicated in the margin, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to ‘sic’.

165 speaker's name omitted	1658 line not full
235 c.w. To	1726 is gone?
270 c.w. 3 Whom	1823 ro
299 i Noble	1896 disaster
334 runne as] possibly runneas	1897 imbalming
363 rhen	1898 my restraines my
386 fields	1961 ignomy
460 put	2002 incensured
465 cleyue	2010 Sezton
629 hardvnto	2026 husband] s doubtful
659 chefts,	2044 that that
691 plumens	2056-7 my my
763 c.w. betall,	2064 Odil
901 sea-toft] hyphen doubtful	2096 to to
960 Lod,	2150 Sift] possibly Sift
986 Pater.	2200 my
1018 tougue	2234 Christendomelet] possibly Christendome. let but the mark is probably ac- cidental
1080 man tis? good	2368 hafte:
1112 beleefe,] possibly be leefe,	B 1 ^v R.T. goeth] goeoh Bodl. only
1191 not indented	sig. I 2 misprinted H 2
1248 Ld.	
1311 finde	
1494 murdet	
1567 Ferdinand	
1643 Hypocisie	

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

The King of FRANCE.	EMMANUEL, Duke of Brabant.
LODOWICK, Duke of Bullen (or Bulloigne).	LEONTIUS, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
MERCURY, Duke of Anjou.	FREDERICK, son to Lodowick, brought up as a foundling by Emmanuel and known as Ferdinand.
two Gentlemen.	ODILLIA, daughter to Emmanuel.
BARNABE BUNCH, an English botcher.	Sir NICHOLAS, a parish priest.
three Citizens.	SHAMONT, a courtier of Emmanuel's.
two Messengers.	Lord EPERNON, the French General.
JACOB VAN SMELT, a Flemish host.	two Soldiers of Epernon's.
ORIANA, wife to Lodowick.	VILLIERS, a merchant.
DIANA, his daughter.	two Messengers.
HERNANDO DE MEDINA, the Spanish General.	
Ugo de CORDOVA, his lieuten- ant.	
two Citizens of Shamount.	

French and Spanish soldiers, French nobles, a provost and headsman.

The original is inconsistent with regard to the names Frederick and Ferdinand (or Ferdinando) in the stage directions and speaker's names. He is first introduced with the direction 'Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneeses' (l. 669). Otherwise in that scene (vi), and in scs. ix and xviii, he is Frederick (yet in l. 2105 we have *Fer.*); while in scs. xii, xv, and xvi he is Ferdinand. The confusion even extends to the text, for in l. 736 Emmanuel addresses him as Frederick. Lodowick, or Lodwick as the name is usually spelt, is duke of Bullen in sc. i, of Bulloigne in scs. xv-xviii, except in l. 2001 where the form Bullen reappears.

THE
VVEAKEST
goeth to the VWall.

*As it hath bene swidry times plaide by the right ho-
nourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great
Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.

1600.



THE WEAKEST goeth to the wall.

A dombe shewe.

After an Alarum, enter one way the Duke of Burgundie, another way, the Duke of Aniou with his power, they encounter, Burgundie is slaine. Then enter the Dutches of Burgundie with young Fredericke in her hand, who being pursued of the French, leaps into a Riuere, leaving the child upon the banke, who is presently found by the duke of Brabant, who came to aid Burgundie, when it was too late.

Prologue.

The Duke of Aniou fatally inclind
Against the familie of Ballen, leades
A mighty Armie into Burgundie,
Where Philip younger brother of that house
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,
Receiv'd the foile, and being slaine himselfe,
The souldiers afterward pursue his wife:
She fling from the Cittie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, Lodwick's tender sonne,
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle Philip,
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a Riuier,
And there vntimely perisht in the floud.
The litle Fredericke left vpon the shore,
The tardie Duke of Brabant all too late,

A 3

That

THE
WEAKEST
goeth to the VVall.

*As it hath been sundry times plaid by the right
honourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord
great Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



LONDON,

Printed by G. P. for Richard Hawkins, and
are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-
Lane, neere Sericants Inne, 1618.

THE
VVVEAKE S T
goeth to the Wall.

*As it hath bene sundry times plaide by the right ho-
nourable Earle of Oxenford, Lord great
Chamberlaine of England
his seruants.*



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Prologue

Prol.

11
20
THe Duke of *Aniou* fatally inclind
Against the familie of *Bullen*, leades
A mightie Armie into *Burgundie*,
Where *Philip* younger brother of that house
Was Duke: whose power vnequall with his foes,
Receiu'd the foile, and being slaine himselfe,
The souldiers afterward pursue his wife:
She flying from the Citie, tooke with her,
Her pretie Nephew, *Lodwicks* tender sonne,
Brought vp and fostred by his vncle *Philip*,
And in her flight to scape the bloudie hands
Of those that follow'd, leapes into a Riuer,
And there vntimely perisht in the floud.
The litle *Fredericke* left vpon the shore,
The tardie Duke of *Brabant* all too late,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

That came with succour to relieve his friend
Espies, and ignorant of whence he was
Maintaines and keepes him, till he came to age :
Of him, his fortune, and his fathers woes,
The Scæne ensuing, further shall disclose.

Exit. 30

*Enter King of Fraunce, a noble man bearing his Crowne, and an Sc. i
other his hatte, staffe, and Pilgrimes gowne, with them conuer-
sing Duke Aniou, and Lodwicke, Duke of Bullen*

King. How long shall I intreat? how long my Lords,
Will you detaine our holy Pilgrimage?
Are not our vowes already registerd
Vpon th'vnualued Sepulchre of Christ,
And shall your malice and inueterate hate
Like a contrarious tempest still diuorse
Our soule, and her religious chaste desires?
If it be treason to attempt by force,
To take from me this earthly Crowne of mine,
What is it when you studie to deprive
My soule of her eternall Dyadem?
Oh did you but regard my iust demaund,
Or would like subiects tender your Kings zeale,
You could not choose but entertaine a peace.
Why frowne you then? why do your sparkling eyes
Dart mortall arrowes in each others face?
Am I a friend, and can I not perswade?
Am I King, and shall I not preuaile?
Aniou be pacified, and *Bullen* leauue
To feed thy fwelling stomake with contempt.

Lod Your grace doth know (with pardon be it spoken)
My wrongs are such, as I haue cause to frowne,
Nor can you blame me if I loath his fight
That was the butcher of my brothers life
In *Burgundie* what slaughterers did he make?

What

40

50

The weakest goeth to the wall.

What tyrannie left he vnpractisde there ?
Philip supprest, did not their bloudy hands
Extend to women and resistlesse babes ?
Amongst the rest, was not the Dutcheffe drownd ?
And that which drawes continuall flouds of teares
From these mine eyes : and daily doth affaile
My feeble heart with neuer dying grieve,
Miscarried not young *Fredericke* my sonne ?
Ah was not he vntimely by their meanes
Cutte off, that should haue comforted mine age ?
Poore boy, whose pitteous speaking eye
Might haue bene able to haue turnd the hearts
Of sauage Lyons : yet they sparde him not.

Kz. Ah speake no more of *Burgundies* disese,
Nor wake the quiet slumber of thy sonne,
But with the gray decrepit haires of thine
That are expir'd since *Fredericke* was intomb'd,
With his deare Aunt amidst the licquid waues,
Let slip the memorie of that mishap,
And now forget it, and forgiue it too.

Lod. Although I must confesse the least of these
Incumbant euills, is argument inough
To whet the bluntest stomacke to reuenge :
Yet that your highnesse may perceiue my mind
Doth fauour of mildnesse and compassion,
And that the *Bullen* Duke may nere be found
To be a Traitor to his Kings commaund,
There is my dagger, and Ile lay my hand
Vnder the foote of *Aniou* where he treades,
And I will do it to deserue your loue

Kz. Wee thanke thee *Bullen* for thy kind respect,
But he that should be formost to set ope
The gate of mercie, and let friendship in,
Vpon whose head redounds the whole reproach
Of all these iniurie, fwolne bigge with ire

60

70

80

90

Stands

The weakest goest to the wall.

Stands as an Out-law still vpon defiance.

Mer. I must dissemble theres no remedie.

K. Looke *Aniou* here, and let his summers brow,
Thawe the hard winter of thy frozen heart.

Mer Dread soueraigne, *Aniou* likewise doth submit,
And with repentant thoughts for what is past,
Rests humbly at your Maiesties dispose.

K. Then take the Duke of *Bullen* by the hand,
And treading former hatred vnder foote,
Wherewith your houses haue bene still opprest,
Like subiects of your King be reconcil'd.

Mer There is my hand *Lodwick*, the hand of him,
That thought to haue embrewd it in thy bloud,
But now is made the instrument of peace.

Lod. And there is mine, with which I once did vow,
To sacrifice thy body to pale death,
But now I do embrace thee as a friend.

They embrace

Mer. The like doo I, but to an other end,
For *Lewis* no sooner shall depart from hence,
But straight new deeds of mifchife Ile commence.

Ki. This ioyes my soule, and more to let you know
How pleasing this retrait of peace doth seeme,
Till my returne from *Palefaine* againe,
Be you ioynt gouernours of this my Realme,
I do ordaine you both my substitutes:
And herewithall bequeathe into your hands,
The keeping of the Crowne: my selfe adornd
With these abiliments of humble life,
Will forward to performe my promist vow.

120

Lod The God of heauen be still your highnesse guide.

Mer. And helpe to thrust thy partnership aside.

Kz. *Lodwick*, the loue that thou doest beare to vs,
And *Mercury*, the allegiance thou doest owe,
Now in my absence both of you will shewe.
So leauing and relying on your trust,

I bid

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I bid farewell, remember to be iust.

Exit.

130

Mer. Brother of *Bullen*: so Ile call you now.
 For why, this birth of new authoritie
 Will haue it so, let me intreat your grace
 That youle excuse my sudden haste from hence.
 I haue some vrgent caufe of great affaires,
 That call me to the countrey for a while,
 But long it shall not be ere I returne

Lod. At your good pleasure be it brother of *Aniou*,
 Yet let me tell you that the iealous world
 By this our feperation will misiudge.

140

Mer Not for so shourt a fpace, on fridays next
 I meane God willing to reuifit you

Lod. Adiew my Lord: the ftraunge euent that time
 In his continuance often brings to passe:
 Not two houres since I would haue fworne he lied,
 That would haue told me, *Aniou* and my selfe,
 Should euer haue bene heard to enterchaunge
 Such friendly conference: but my word is past,
 And I will keepe my couenant with the King

150

Enter two Gentlemen, Petitioners.

1. God faue your honour.

2. Health to the Duke of *Bullen*.

Lod Gentlemen y'are welcome, come you with newes?
 Or haue you some Petition to the King?

1 A fute my Lord, which should haue bene preferd
 Vnto the King himfelfe, but being gone
 Vpon his Pilgrimage before we came,
 The power now to do vs right remaines
 Within your hands: whom as we vnderstand,
 His grace hath made Vice-gerent of the Land.

160

Lod. What is your fuite?

2 This paper will vnfold,
 If please you take perusal of the same.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

O I remember now, it is to haue
A Pattent feald, for certaine exhibition
Giuen by his highnesse for your seruice done
Against the late inuasion of the English.

1 True my good Lord.

Lod. Well I will doo you any good I can :
But Gentlemen, I must be plaine with you,
I am but the halfe part of that authoritie
Which late you spake of: for with me is ioynd
The Duke of *Aniou*, equally possest.
And he euen now departed from the Court,
But when he doth returne, you shall be sure
To be dispatcht.

170

2. When he returnes my Lord ?
That will not be I feare, till angry warre
Hath brought destruction on some part of *Fraunce*.

180

Lod. How say you that ? till angry warre hath brought
Destruction on some part of *Fraunce*, why so ?

2. Because my Lord, in secret he hath leuied
A mightie power, which since, as we are told,
Lying not farre from *Parris*, had in charge
As on this day to meeete the Duke at *Mullins*

Lod A towne neare neighbouring on my territories :
It is euen so, this proud disflembling Duke
Made our reconcilement but a colour
To cloake his treason till the King were gone,
And now his hollow and perfidious dealing,
As when the turffe the Adder lurked in
Is shorne away, begins to shewe it selfe.
It is at me he aimes, the bloud he dranke
In *Burgundie* will not allay his thirst,
Orleance must administer a fresh supply :
But least my wife and daughter whom I left
Slenderly guarded, fall into his hands,
(Which now is all the comfort I haue left)
Come Gentlemen, I will dispatch your fute,

190

200
And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And afterward ride post vnto my house.

• i. We will attend vpon your excellence

Exeunt

*Enter Barnabie Bunch a Botcher, with a paire of sheares, a sc. n
handbasket with a crosse bottome of thred, three or foure paire
of old stockings, peeces of fustian and cloath, &c*

Bunch. *Buoniour* in French, is good morrow in English: true, and therewithall good morrow faire, what? maides? no, good morrow faire morning: and yet as faire as it lookes I feare we shall haue raine, these French fleas bite so filthily 210. We trauellers are abiect, thats to say, order'd to many misteries and troubles: I *Barnabie Bunch*, the Botcher now, whilome (that is sometime) of a better trade: for I was an Ale-draper, as Thames and Tower-wharffe can witnesse: well, God be with them both: my honourable humour to learne language and see fashions, has lost me many a stout draught of strong Ale, what at *London*, what at *Grauesend*, where I was borne. This *Fraunce* I confesse is a goodly Countrey, but it breeds no Ale hearbes, good water that's drinke for a horse, and de vine blanket, and de vine Couer- 220 let, dat is vine Claret for great out-rich cobs Well fare *England*, where the poore may haue a pot of Ale for a penney, fresh Ale, firme Ale, nappie Ale, nippitate Ale, irregular, fecular Ale, couragious, contagious Ale, alcumisticall Ale. Well vp with my ware, and downe to my worke, and on to my song, for a merrie heart liues long.

*He hangs three or foure paire of hose upon a sticke, and falls to
sowing one hose heele and sings.*

*King Richards gone to Walsingham,
He speakes*

230

*Kate is my goose rosted?
He sings.*

*To the holy Land.
He speakes.*

I meane my pressing Iron wench.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

He sings.

To kill Turke and Saracen that the truth do withstand.

He speakes

Prithee make it hot, I must use it.

He sings.

Christ his crosse be his good speed, Christ his foes to quell,

He speaks.

Let it not be red botte Kate.

He sings

Send him helpe in time of need, and to come home well

240

O for one pot of mother *Bunches Ale*, my owne mothers Ale, to wash my throat this mistie morning: it would cleare my sight, comfort my heart, and stiffe my veines, that I should not smell the sauour of these stockings: well fare cleanly English men yet: these French mens feete haue a 250 pockie strong sent

Enter two or three Citizens, one after an other, with Bags and Plate, and things to hide

Who be these that run so fearefully? ha? Citizens by the masse, Citizens, that looke as they were skard.

He sings

John Dorrie bought him an ambling Nag to Paris for to ride a, And happy are they can seeke & find, for they are gone to hide a

1. How blessed is this Botcher that can sing?

When all the Citie is set on sorrowing.

260

He seekes up and downe for a place to hide his Plate

Where shall I hide this litle that I haue,

Whilst speedie flight attempt my life to faue?

2. O vnxpected sudden miserie,

More bitter made by our securitie:

We vnprouided, and our foes at hand,

The head depres'd how can the body stand?

Seeke.

Where shall I shrowd vnseene this litle pelfe,

Whilst I by flight assay to faue my selfe.

270

3 Whom

The weakest goeth to the wall.

3. Whom haue we here? my gold will me betray.
Thee must I leauue, with life to steale away.

He seekes.

Thou art my life, then if I liue tis wonder,
When limmes and life are forc'd to part in funder.

1. Who's there?
2. A friend: who thou?
1. No enemie, whats he?
3. A Citizen your neighbour, what fellow's that?
1. A Botcher, a poore English mechanick.
2. What shall we do in this calamitie?
1. Hide what we haue, and flie from th'enemie
3. O how neare is hee?
2. Heele be here to night.
3. No meane to faue our liues but present flight.

Bunch. What are these thick skind heauie purs'd gorbel-lied churles mad? what do they feare? to be rob'd I thinke: O that they would hide their money where I might find it, that should be the first language I would learne to speake: though I haue no money, I am as merrie as they, and well 290 fare nothing once a yeere; *For early vp and neuer the neere.*

Enter Lodwick.

Lod. O whither flie ye filly heartleffe shadowes?
What sudden feare so daunts your courages?
Are ye surpriz'd with dread of enemies?
Then arme your selues to guard your selues and yours:
Let not base rumours drieue ye from your denne,
As Hares from formes, stay, fight, and die like men.

1. Noble Duke *Lodwick*, what auails our stay,
When all our power cannot defend one part?

Lod. We shall haue helpe.

2. From whom?

Lod. From Count *Lauall*.

1. No he and *Trostbey* are with *Mercurie*.

Lod. Yet *Mounseur Roffibroune* may come in time.

3. All is but hazard, we are sure of none.

280

300

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Therefore God buy you my Lord, for Ile faue one.

Exit.

2. And I an other.

1. And I if I can.

310

Exeunt Ambo.

Lod. Are ye all gone? stayes there not one man?
Good fellow what art thou?

Bunch. A corrector of extrauagant hōſe feete.

Lod. Wilt thou abide?

And fight against th'approaching enemie?

Bunch. Enuie? what enuie?

Lod. The periurd Duke of *Aniou, Mercurie,*
That comes to fack this vnprouided Towne

Bunch. Is he neare hand?

Lod. I, nearer then I wish.

Bunch. O that I had my pressing Iron out of the fire, and
my cleane shert from my Laundressē, that I might bid this
towne farewell, and bleſſe it with my heeles toward it: fie, fie,
downe with my stall, vp with my wares, ſhift for my ſelfe.

Lod. So all will leauē me in extremitie.

Enter a Messenger.

Nuntio. Deare honored Lord, make haſt to faue your ſelf,
The armed troupes of trecherous *Mercury,*
Approach ſo fast, and in ſuch multitudes,
That ſome of them are ſeene within a league,
And not a man of ours in readineſſe,
Except it be to runne, none to refiſt.

Lod. Then muſt I runne as fast as they,

Lodwick till now was neuer runne-away.

Exeunt Lodwick, and Messenger.

Bunch. If euery body runne, its time for me to goe: O
that my customers had their ware, and I money for men-
ding them, heres ſudden warres when we nere thought vp-
on it Well, if I had had grace, I might haue tarried 340
at Tower wharffe, armed with a white apron, a pot
in

The weakest goeth to the wall.

in my left hand, a chalke in my right : what makes this in the
pye ? fixe pence said I : fill here hey in the swanne, by and
by, anan, anan : there might I haue eate my fill, and drunke
my fill, and slept my fill, and all without feare, safe as mouse
in a mill: heere if th'enuy come, will be nothing, but kil,kil,
kill : and I am sure to be in most daunger, because I am an
English man and a straunger, this is the lucke of them that
trauell forrain lands: now one paire of running legges, are
worth two paire of working hands

350

Exit.

Sc. iii

*Enter Duke Mercury with Souldiers,
Drumme, and Ensigne.*

Mer A plague vpon you, was the Pallace watch'd
That he and his haue all escaped thus ?
O I could teare my very heart strings out,
I am so stung with this indignitie
Will no man bring me word that he is taken ?
Night wert thou any thing, but what thou art,
A thicke darke shadowe, that art onely seene,
I would not liue, till thou wert banished,
But let him goe, and now shall *Aniou* shone
More brighter rhen the burning lampe of heauen :
Where in the height of the celestiall signes,
In all his pompe he failes along the skies,
Now *France* shall shake with terror of my name,
Onely my word shall be a Parliament,
Enacting statutes as shall bind the world,
Where maiestie shall plead prerogatiue,
In mightie volumes wrting with his hand,
The vncontrolld decrees of soueraigntie :
Lodwick expulsed, and King *Francis* gone,
Yet once is *Aniou* King of *Fraunce* alone

360

370

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord.

Mer. Is *Lodwick* taken ? raunsome him to me,

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And take my Dukedom what so ere thou bee.

Messen. I am a Messenger of other newes

Mer. O but salute mine eares with that sweete found,

And in that musick be all accents drownd

Mef My Lord : to Armes, to Armes ; my Lord of *Aniou*,

The power of *Spaine* hath past the Pyren hills,

And are already entred into *France*,

Vnder *Hernando*, the great Duke of *Medena*:

The Frontiers lie all blazed with rude warre :

The fields are couerd with vnciuill armes

Of sunburnt Moores, and tawnie Africans

Which they haue brought : they skorn to beare their spoiles

Their neighing Gennets, armed to the field

Do yorke and fling, and beate the fullen ground,

And vncontrolld, come loose abroad in *France*.

Nauarre is sack'd, and like a mightie flood

The haughtie Spaniard ouerturneth all

Gather your power, make head against the foe :

The diuell driues, tis full time to goe.

Mer The diuell burst those balling chops of thine.

Spaine and the plague, and hell and all together,

If the full tunne of vengeance be abroach,

Fill out and swill vntill you burst againe.

Come dogge, come diuell, he that scapes best

Let him take all, and split, and rore, and choke

Hooke, swords and caps, if hell will ha't thus doe

Let him liues longft, wipe the reckoning out,

Sound drumme away, before our glory die,

Some shall be lowe, that now do looke full hie.

*Enter Yacob van Smelt, Lodwick, Oriana,
Dyana, and Bunch.*

Sc. ii

Yacob Well my lifekins, so ick must be you Wert, dat is
you host ; and you mine gheffe, to eat met mie, and flope met
mie, in my huys : well, here bene van you, vier, (foure as you
feg

410

The weakest goeth to the wall.

seg in English) tweas mannikins, tweas tannikins, tweas mans,
tweas womans: speake, wat will you geuen by de dagh? by
de weeke? by de mont? by de yeare? all to mall

Bunch. Sauing your tale mine host, what is your name?

Yacob. *Yacob van Smelt.*

Bunch. *Smelt?* Lord, many of your name are taken in the
Thames, youle not be angry?

Yacob. Angry? niet niet.

Bunch. How? nit? nay then I perceiue I shall bee angry
first: zounds twit me with my trade? I am the fag end of a 420
Tayler; in plaine English a Botcher: and though my coun-
try men do call me pricklouse, yet you Flemish Boore shal
not call me nit; ye base Butterbox, ye Smelt, your kinsfolks
dwell in the Thames, and are fold like flauers in Cheap-side
by the hundred, two pence a quarterne.

Yacob. Gods pestilence, beefe thou frantick?

Lod. Patience my friends, fellow he spake no ill,
My gentle host was casting his account,
To what our weekly charges must amount

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, true, true.

430

Bunch. True, true? lie, lie: did not you say first you would
mall vs all? and then calld me nit, nit? tis not your big belly,
nor your fat bacon, can cary it away, if ye offer vs the boots:
what though we be driuen from our owne dwelling, theres
moe fitling houses then yours to host in

Lod. Well mine host *Yacob*, though our state be poore,
Yet will we pay you iustly our compound:
For me, my wife, and daughter, by the weeke,
For dyet, lodging, and for laundry, 440
So long as we shall host within your house,
Fieue Gilders weekly I will answere you.

Yacob. Dat is for you, your frow, and your skone daugh-
ter, well, whea fall be tall for dis gack? dis shellam?

Bunch. I, ye shall find me a tall fellow if ye trie me But
what is it ye talke of me?

Lod. He doth demaund who shall defray thy charge?

C

For

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For meat, and drinke, and lodging in his house.

Bunch Neither you nor he, let him take care for a large winding sheete to wrappe his fatte guts in: haue not I a trade? Yes good man Smelt, if ye haue any hose to heele, 450 breeches to mend, or buttons to set on, let mee haue your worke

Yacob Goots moorkne beest thou a Snyder? snip, snap, met te sheares.

Bunch. Speak reuerently of Taylers, or Ile haue ye by the eares.

Yacob. Yaw, yaw, tis good honest mans occupacion, good true mans liuing.

Bunch I fir, Ile liue by it, and neither charge this mans purse, nor run vpon your score, Ile get me a litle hole to put 460

Yacob. A knaues head in.

Bunch My head in, and fall to worke here, and in stead of parle buon francoys, learne to brall out butterbox, yaw, yaw, and yaune for beare like a Iacke daw.

Yacob. Heare me eance Ick heb a cleyue skuttell, a litle stall by mine huys dore, fall dat hebben for a skoppe.

Bunch. Hebben, habben quoth a? what shall I hebben?

Lod A place to worke in *Yacob* offers thee,
Harke hither *Bunch*

He takes him aside and whispers

470

Yacob I Frow, hey, comt here:

He takes Oriana by the hand

You bene a skone Frow, a foot a lieffe: vp miner zeele, dat is, by my soule Ick loue you met my heart And you will loue mee, smouch mee, and bee my secreet vriend, de charle fall niet knowe, Ick will you gelt geuen, and you man fall niet betall, niet paid for your logies noe you meat: wat seg you?

Oriana. I say mine Holt, that you are ill aduif'd,
To tempt the honour of a straungers wife: 480
Consider if your fortune were as ours,
In forraine place to rest ye for a time,

Would

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Would you your wife should be allur'd to finne ?
To breake her vow and to dishonour you ?

Yacob. Swig, swig, peace, Ick fall an aunder time talke
met you

Yacob whispers with Oriana

Lod. No *Bunch*, by no meanes tell from whence we came,
Nor what enforced vs feeke a refuge here :
And though my want at instant be extreame,
Yet when the heauens shall better my estate,
Thy secrecie will I remunerate.

490

Bunch. Why what do ye think of me ? a horsleech to fuck
ye ? or a trencherflie to blowe ye ? or a vermine to spoile ye ?
or a moath to eate through ye ? no, I am *Barnabie Bunch*, the
Botcher, that nere spent any mans goods but my owne, Ile
labour for my meate, worke hard, fare hard, lie hard, for a li-
uing, Ile not charge ye a penney, Ile keep your councel. And
ye shall commaund me to serue you, your wife, and your
daughter in the way of honestie, like honest *Barnabie*

500

Lod. Gramercies honest friend.

Oriana. No *Jacob* no,
Need cannot force, nor flatterie intreat

Yacob. Swig dan, nea meare, come fall vs in to eat ?

Exeunt Yacob, Bunch, Oriana.

Lod. Euen when you please mine host : come daughter
Come, be of good comfort, heauen is where it was :
When fortunes storne a while our state hath tost,
A calmer gale may giue what we haue lost.

Dyana. Affure ye fir, euen as I am your child,
Not discontent, but patience makes me mild,
If inward grieve externall ioy supplant,
It moanes not mine, but your vnwonted want.

Lod. Thou feest how easily I endure the smart,
Because thy mother and thy selfe beare part :
Come let vs in, on him that knowes vs best
Lets fix our hope, and so in patience rest.

510

Exeunt.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

*Enter Hernando de Medyna, and Don Vgo de
Cordoua, with their souldiers*

sc v

Her. It seemes that the Nobilitie of *Fraunce*
Are all a sleepe, that vnrefisted, thus
We diue into the entrailes of their Land:
Is there no haughtie chiualier, no spirit
Heroick, dare so much as once demaund
Wherfore we come? or offer vs the fight?
Why then proceed we as we haue begunne
To take possession, not to conquer here:
What Citie call you this?

521

Vgo. *Shamount* my Lord.

530

Her. Mount? whither does it mount? Ile make it lie
As leuell as her other fellowes do,
And though her loftie turrets touch the clouds,
Yet will I teach her like an humble handmaid,
To make a lowly curtie to the ground:
Shamount shall stoupe, *Medyna* faies the word.
But who are these? *Don Vgo* question them.

Vgo. Of whence are you? speak quickly, least my fword
Preuent your tongues by searching of your hearts

1. Great Prince of *Spane*, we are th'habitants
Of this distressed Citie of *Shamount*

540

Her. Yet more of Mount? shall I be haunted still
With echo of *Shamount*? how dare you flaues
Haue any such proud title in your mouthes?
Shall stoupe I say, be that your Cities name,
For I will make it stoupe before I passe.

2. Thou dread Commaunder of the Spanish Force,
If not for our humilitie and praiers,
Yet for these presents which we bring to thee,
(A Cuppe of gold, and in the same containd,
Fiu thousand Markes) respect our naked walles,
Draw not thy fword against our yeelding soules,

550

But

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But passing by in peace, let this alone,

(This harmeles Citie mongst all other ruines)

Stand as a Trophey of thy clemencie.

Her. Would you corrupt our valour with your coyne?

Or do you thinke the Spaniard is so poore,

A little Gold can make him sell his honour?

No, were your streets through ston'd with Dyamonds,

And you should digge them vp to bring them hither:

560

Or were your houses in the stead of Slate,

Couerd with Siluer, and your felues prepar'd

To teare it off and giue it vs,

Nay were your walles of purest Chryfolyte,

And puld beside their bounds for our owne vse,

Yet would we scorne all this and ten times more,

For we count honour sweetnesse of dominion,

Tis Lordship that we come for, and to rule,

More worth then millions, stoope and kis our feete,

Bring forth your daughters and your fairest wiues

To be our Concubines, waight you your felues

Vpon our trenchers, and like stable gromes,

Rubbe our horse heeles, and then perhaps weeble yeeld

That you shall liue, or so, but otherwife,

Looke for no pittie at *Medynaes* hand :

And for an instance, thus and thus I seale *He kills them.*

The couenant of my great comptrolling sprite,

And now amaine giue onset to the towne.

570

Enter Mercurie and his men.

Mer. First insolent *Medyna*, here is one
Will trie how thou canst but end a man,
Before thou lay thy force vnto a wall.

580

Her. Now by mine honour welcome to the field,
Liues there a French man then dare trie with vs?
I thought you had bene Pigmeys all till now,
And durst not looke a Spaniard in the face,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But now I see you are of taller shapes,
How euer hearted that is yet vnknowne

Mer. So hearted Spaniard, as we are resolu'd
To plague thee for thy damned crueltie.

590

Her. Talke then no longer, shew your Chiualrie.

*Alarum, they fight, Mercurie is wounded,
and put to flight.*

Her. Was this the worthy champion so resolu'd,
To plague vs as he said? was this the man
Fraunce had pickt out, to take her quarell vp?
Now sure a trustie wight, when hands ferue not,
He knowes the way to take him to his heeles:
Yet is it good that we did meeete with him
Be it but for this, to keepe our hands in vre,
And breath our purfie bodies, which I feare,
Would haue growne stiffe for want of exercise
But now no more, enter the Citie gates,
And therein boldly euery one deuise,
How he can Lord it in the French mens eyes.

600

Exit

Enter Emanuell, with Leontius.

Sc. vi

Ema. Could I resolute my selfe sufficiently,
He should not stay one houre in my Court,
But I haue noted in her from her birth,
A straunge ennated kind of curtesie,
An affable, inclining lenitie,
With such a virgine meeknesse to regard,
As may abuse, a wife and grounded censure,
In iudging of affection, and of honour.

610

Leon. Pardon me gracious Lord, I speake it not
In any sort to wrong your Princely daughter,
Or to impeach your judgement any wife
In your opinion of the Gentleman,
But as a iust and honest subiect should,

620

In

The weakest goeth to the wall.

In matters that concerne my trust so much
Ema. Nor as I am a Prince I thinke thou doest,
I haue so good assurance of thy loue,
Which may I trust, induce thee to resolute me,
From what conceit proceeds thy strong furmise.

Leon. This other day, for hunting of the stagge,
Attending faire *Odilia* to the Forreft,
When as the hounds had rowf'd the trembling deare,
And euery man spurd hardvnto the crie,
Riding along, a goodly Couert side:

630

The company all stragling here and there,
Onely the Princesse, and young *Ferdynand*,
Curbing their steeds in with their silken raynes,
Into a Groaue road secretly togither,
Thrice did I see him kisse her snowy hand,
And with three humble Cursies bowd his head,
Downe to the stirrope of *Odilia*,
Then did I see him whisper in her eare,
When with her Fanne she wonne the wanton wind
To coole his face as they roade gently on.

640

Then came they to a litle perling Brooke,
Whereas they pauf'd, as it shoulde seeme to heare
The birds sweete musicke, to the bubling stremme.
Then did I see him lift his eyes towards hers,
Taking her gloue which lay vpon her lappe,
A thousand times did reuerence to the same,
And in his Bauldrick wrapt it choifly vp,
When as she pluckt a bloomed Lymon braunch,
With her white hand out of her Coronet,
And with her fingers twind it in his lock
And smild: and bowd her head into his bosome.
And thus with gentle parlance both togither
They paced on, vnto the flowry lawne.

650

Ema. If this be not furmiz'd which thou report'st,
It shoulde be signe of some affection.

Leon. Ile not enforce it on your excellencie

By

The weakest goeth to the wall.

By circumstance: but onely this I saw.

Em. Wheres *Ferdynando*? saw you him of late?

Leon Lord *Stroffy*, and your daughter be at chefts,
And they saw him, but euen very now.

660

Em. Goe call them hither presently to me

Leon I trust you will not vrge me in the matter.

Em. Go too, I will not.

Exit Leontius.

How now? a villaine that I found by chance,
To court my onely daughter and my heire:
And hauing thus reuiu'd him by my fauours,
Will the vile viper sting me for my loue?

Enter Frederick, Ferdinando kneels.

Em. Sirra come hither, didst thou neuer heare
How first I found thee, being but a child:
Hid in the segges fast by a Riuier side,
As it should feeme of purpose to be lost
Being so yoong, that thou hadst not the fence
To tell thy name, or of what place thou wast?

670

Fre. I haue heard your Lordship often so report it.

Em. Did thy adultrous parents cast thee off
As it should feeme, ashamed of thy birth?
And haue I made a nurserie of my Court
To foster thee, and growne to what thou art,
Enrich thee with my fauours euery where?

680

That from the loathsome mud from whence thou cameſt,
Thou art so bold out of thy buzzards nest,
To gaze vpon the funne of her perfections?
Is there no bewtie that can please your eye,

But the diuine and splendant excellencē

Of my beloued deare *Odilia*?

How darest thou but with trembling and with feare
Looke vp toward the heauen of her hie grace?

And euen astonisht with the admiration,

Let fall the gaudye plumens of thy proud heart?

Dare any wretch so vile and so obſcure,

690

Attempt

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Attempt the honour of so great a Princeffe ?

Fre. Hear me my Lord.

• • *Odilia.* Nay heare me Princely father,
For what you speake to him concernes me most.
Neuer did he attempt to wrong mine honour,
Nor did his tongue ere vtter yet one accent,
But what a virgins eare might safely heare.

I neuer saw him exercise himselfe

700

In any place where I my selfe was present,
But with such a gracefull modest bashfulnesse,
As well beseemed both his youth and dutie.

I neuer saw him yet presume my prefence
But with a lowe subiected reuerence,

A browe as humble as humilitie :

And when I haue enforced him to speake,
In any thing I had employd him in,
His words haue bene in such an humble key,
As silence would haue told a secret in.

710

But if his seruice to me be suspected,
Attending me to helpe me to my horse,
Or bent my bowe when I haue shot a Deare,
Discourse of Nations, playd at Mawe and Cheffe :
Or led me by the arme when I had walk'd.

If this may breed suspition of my loue,
I cannot keepe the tongue of Iealousie.

Frede. When did I euer but approach the place
Where she hath bene, but kneeling to the earth
As if the ground were holy where she troad ?

720

When was I feene to gaze once in her glasse,
For feare the Christall wherein she beheld her,
Should tell my disobedience to her eyes ?

When was I feene to smell but to a flower
To which the Princeffe had but smelt before
As farre vnworthy that my fence should taste

So rich an odour as had pleased hers ?

When was I feene to looke once in her face,

D

But

The weakest goeth to the wall.

But as a man beholding of the sunne,
That cast his head downe dazled with his rayes.
I neuer nam'd that name, *Odillia*:
But with such worship, and such reuerence,
As to an Angell if he should appeare.
Her haue I lou'd for feare, and feard for loue,
For I adore diuine *Odillia*.

730

Em Frederick, thy humble and submissiue carriage,
Hath satisfied me fully at this time
And my *Odillia*, tak't not in ill part,
That too much loue breakes out into suspition,
It is the fault of loue *Odillia*,
And hath his pardon as it doth offend:
Then come *Leontius*, you and Ile away,
Go backe *Odillia*, and attend your play.

740

Exit.

Fre Madam you see, that iealousie attends
Vpon the houres of our succesfull loue,
What is your princely pleasure with my seruice?
I feare suspition but too much espies,
I see that trees had eares, and bushes eyes.

Odil. Deare *Ferdynand*, prouide then for our flight, 750
I regard nothing in respect of thee,
Onely be constant, and Ile goe with thee,
In all the wayes that fortune can direct
Goe get you hence, I will attend my sport,
Much is to do, and time is very short.

*Enter Yacob, and Lodwick, Yacob hath a
long boord chalked.*

Sc. viii

Ya. Come, floux, betall, gelt *Lodwick*, gelt, ware bene de
Fraunce Crowne? de Riex daler? de Anglis skelling? ha?
pay pay, betall betall, keck dore *Lodwick*, see de creete de 760
chalke: eane, tweas, dree, vier guildern for brant weene:
fiftick guildern for rost for de eat: zeuen guildern for speck,
caſe, bouter and bankeate: keck, looke in dye burſe
betall,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

betall shellam betall, Ick mought gelt heb come,
pay.

Lod. My gentle host haue patience but a while,
I will endeavour to come out of debt,
As speedily as God shall giue me meanes,
Forbearing neither lessons nor acquites
One groat of dutie, onely your good minde
Shall be approu'd for respiting a time

770

Yacob. Respit? rest diuell, godts cruse, my gelt Ick can
niet forbeare, niet suffer, niet spare mine gelt, a dowfand
diuells, Ick mought de Brewer, de Baker, de Butcher
betall, so heb ye niet gelt, giue me a pawne, eane gage:
oh haere dat his Frow mought met my blieuen for de
debt.

Lod. *Yacob,* alas thou feest what wealth I haue,
Apparell, Jewels, Plate, and Gold I lacke,
Fortune hath wrackt me on extremitie,
For all my riches are within thy house.
My vertuous wife and daughter are my treasure,
Which aboue all worlds wealth beside I measure.

780

Yacob. Godts Sacrament harma charle begger, a wench,
loupe dye felue, ye fall niet flape eane nought mare in
mine huys, geue me dy Frow and dye Meskyn, wyeffe and
doughter to pledge for my gelt, for Ick weat well, dow wilt
redeeme and raunsome dem tweas: loupe doo shellam and
nempt de gelt and coine, here and buy out dy wife and
kinde, dy skone daughter.

790

Lod. Alas what comfort is there left for me
If those deare Jewels be empaund to thee?
My wife and daughter? *Yacob* chaunge thy mind,
Diuide vs not, ô be not so vnkind

Yacob. Godts hannykin, vnkind? But Boore geue
mee gelt or pawne, or Ick fall dee in de vanga port star-
uen.

Lod. No remedie? well, call my wife and daughter,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

If they consent to be engag'd to thee,
Ile leaue them, else, thou shalt imprison me

800

Yacob. Ha, godks tostie mought Icke de skone Frow
his wieff here hold, Ick begare niet cost niet ziluer niet
gold

Enter Oriana, Dyana, and Bunch

Dore she comen, dore, dore, all so clare, wyet and zoole, as
de zunne, wellicome zoota lieff, hey couragee mine wan,
alls ge done.

Lodwick lookes sadly, Yacob merrily.

Oriana What Planets opposition haue we heare,
That makes a storme in sunshyne, heate in frost?
The heauens are clouded, droffie earth is cleare,
My husband frownes, but frolicker is mine host,
O fire and Ice, O feare and doubt togither,
What eniuious starre directs my comming hither?

810

Lod. No heauier starre nor more maleuolent
Needs *Lodwick*, then this Flemish excrement
Deare *Oriana*, thou doft know our state
Castr downe, spurnd, skornd by fortune, and by fate,
Yet neuer grieve fo nearely galls my hart,
As when I thinke that thou and I must part.

820

Or. Why must we part?

Lod Aske *Yacob*, he can tell.

Ya. Well meyster, well yffrow, Ick mought de gelt heb,
ye man hebt niet to betall, he fall niet langer in my huys
blieuen, keck see dore de skore Ick will him trust nea mare
Ick mought eane gage, eane pawnd heb dat must you felua
bene, and you skone daughter by godth moorky he fall to
prison to de vanga port els

Lod. Well, then I must perswade her patience,
To be thy pawne, thy prisoner in mine absence.

830

Bunch. What? how pawne? how prisoner? for what? for
the skore? a pox on that chalke, its an easier matter to chalk
a pound, then to get a penney to pay it: you shall not goe,
nor she shall not lie to gage for a litle money: let me fee
how

The weakest goeth to the wall.

how much is it? what be these Guilderns?

Lodwick whispers with Oriana and Dyana.

*Y*a Yaw eleck eane a Guilder

Bunch. Fiftie, and foure, and seuen, is fife and fortie,
masse I haue but twentie Stiuers toward it, thatts all I haue
sau'd since I came here to *Newkerk*. This *Flaunders* is too 840
thriftie a countrey, for here the women will heele their huf-
bands hose themselues: faith if your skore had bene but a
score of Stiuers, I meane I would haue paid it, cleard the
chalke cleane.

Yacob Swegen and drinkin *Bunch*, de skone Frow and se
daughter fall be mien pawne, mien gage, me de Frow, dow
de Meskyn

Bunch Ha, say you so? no Butterbox, Ile set a spoake in
your cart: heare ye? this foule fat Smelt, tells me, that hee
has smelt out a smocke commoditie for a pawne, that is to 850
haue your wife and daughter to gage: if ye be wife, make
your bargaine that hee doo not vse your pawne, for
though it will not be much the worse for the wearing, yet it
is pittie it should be flubbered by such a cullien as *Yacob Smelt*

Lod. Prithee be quiet, *Yacob* I will leaue
My dearest, most vnualueid Iewels here:
Entreatem well as thou wilt answere me
At my returne, euen with thy dearest bloud,
If they miscarrie in thy custodie.
Friend Bunch farewell, be kind vnto these twaine,
And if I liue Ile recompence thy paine

Bunch Faith as kind as Cockburne, Ile breake my heart
to do them good. But whither will you goe?

Lod. I know not yet, where fortune shall direct,
Leaue vs a while to take a sad farewell:
That done, I part, and they shall stay with you

Yacob. Wel, wel, hah mien skone friester, mien lieff, dow
fall met mie blieuen, and di mannykin a weigh lope, heigh
loustick

870

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch. Gep, wihi, see how the flouenly Smelt leapes; I thinke you could be content to be rid of this beere flye, this bacon fac'd Butterbox a while

Lod. Indeed I could.

Bunch Indeed and you shall, *Yacob* I haue newes for ye, paffing profitable pleafureable newes: theres a tunne of English stark beere, new come to *Newkerk* this day, at two Stiuers a stope, come Ile giue thee a stope or two.

Yacob Gramerclies *Bunch*, braue *Bunch*, mien lieuer bro-
er, Anglis beere? oh heare toſti godts towſand a weigh gane? 880

Bunch Goe, well parting in a morning is paſt remedie
at midnight, God bee with ye fir, I could weepe, but my
teares will not pleafe ye, if I ſee ye no more till I ſee ye a-
gen, god ha ye in his kitchen As for you two I ſhall ſee you
lefte in pledge till I haue drunke to you, and you pledg'd me
twentie times: once more adiew

Exeunt Yacob and Bunch.

Lod. Ah beastly brutall, baser then the dung,
That haſt no touch nor feeling of my want,
That ſuch a drunken greaſie flaue diſcards:
Ah *Orzana*, neuer till this houre
Did I confeſſe my want or miserie,
For but of thee, and my poore ſweete *Dyana*,
I neuer made account that ought was mine,
But poorer now then pouertie it ſelfe,
Of all I had you onely were the beſt,
Now muſt I too, forgoe you with the reſt.

890

Orz. Ah muſt we part? why whither wilt thou goe?
Ah my deare Lord, yet whilſt we liu'd togither,
With what content haue we endur'd our woe?
Now like a ſea-toſt Nauie in a ſtorme,
Muſt we be feuer'd vnto diuers ſhores?
O that the pooreſt beggers that do breath
Should yet haue that which is deni'd to vs,
But to haue partners in their miserie.

900

Dya. Good

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Dya. Good father since our fortune is to beg,
Let me become the beggar for you both:
What shall become of me, if you do leauue me?
Many will giue me bread if I do aske,
But there is none that can giue me a father

910

Lod. Ah my poore wench, if I should stay with you,
This grapple miser, this vnciuill wretch,
Will for this litle that I am indebted,
Vnchristianly imprison you and me,
Where we shall surely perish then for want
But I will crosse the narrow seas for England
To London: where ere long I make no doubt,
To get so much, as shall redeeme you hence,
And shall redeeme this poore estate of ours,
Till fairer fortune hap to shew her head.

920

Oria. Farewell, farewell: now all my ioy doth goe,
Goe you alone, while we alone with woe.

Dya. Farewell deare father.

Lod. My sweete gerle adiew,
He blesse vs all, that keepes both me and you

Exit Lodwick.

Enter Yacob and Bunch to Oriana and Dyana

Ya. Com't here *Bunch*, dow beest eane right shapt charle:
O de stark Anglis beere; whore zijne, whoare zijne dief-
frow and de skone daughter? keck dore *Bunch*, nempt de 930
meskyn, Ick fall de moore hebben: come *Oriana*, ou beene
miene gage vor gelt, mijen liuer loue, mijen zooterkyn

Bunch. Your footerkyn? your drunken skin, mistreffe
how do ye? is your husband gone? why be of good cheare,
heres a bunch of botchers left to comfort ye, take all in my
purse, spend all that I get, and command my worke to helpe
ye out of debt.

Or. Thankes gentle friend, but how shall I requite it?

Bunch. Tush, talk not of quittance, Ile liue by a pittance,
vnline my purse, and vse my person, and for my limmes take 940
the best in the bunch.

Ya. Godts

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ya Godts sacramente *Bunch*, sweg, sweg, come yffrow dye
man is away gane, lat ource be frolick, lustick, heigh speell
zing and daunce *Ick loue mijne Lyuerkin heye, Ick baffe mijne*
zoota lieffe ho : ick mot niet slape, niet drenk zane stopeme-
doont mijne Iolickaa froe, hey lustick.

Dya Wilt please ye mother, leaue this barbarous beast,
And take you to your chamber?

Oria. I my child.

Be going out

950

Bunch. Ile tell thee Smelt, thou shouldest be a Codfhead
thou art so rude: I am of the house of the Bunches, a bunch
of keyes will gingle, a bunch of lathes will ring, a bunch of
rootes are windie meate, and a bunch of garlick will make
ye sweate, yet I keepe no stirre.

Ya. Shellam ick be gare niet dyffroes bene gan.

Bunch. Then let vs followe, wee shall ouertake them
anon.

Enter Lodwick fainting

Sc. viii

Lod, Imperious fortune when thou doft begin
To shew thine anger, how implacable
And how remorceleffe are thy bitter checks?
To losse of honour, daunger of my life:
To the endaundering of my life, thou addeſt
A feperation twixt my wife and me.
To that, base pouertie: to that, contempt:
And now thou takſt from me my strength of limmes,
Infeebling me for lack of sustenance.
All this thou giuſt me of thine owne accord,
One thing let me intreat thee to restore,
Which with my teares I beg, though thou wouldſt fend
Death, to fill vp the measure of thy ſpight:
That it may be ſufficient thou haſt forc't
My heart to ſigh, my hands to beate my breast,
My feete to trauell, and my eyes to weepe,
Inioyne not now my tongue to aske an almes,
But thou art deafe, and I muſt either begge

961

970

Or

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Or sterue for foode to comfort me withall,
And loe in happie time here commeth one.

*Enter Sir Nicholas reading very earnestly
on a Letter*

980

Where I may make a tryall of my skill,
A man it seemes belonging to the Church,
I haue some knowledge in the Latine tongue,
Perhaps for that heele sooner pittie me.

*Siste gressus quoquo reuerende Pater
Et oculos flecte tuos in miserum,
Respice spretum respice precor egenum.*

Sir Ni Whats this?

*Lod Oh miserere paupertatis mee,
Respice spretum respice precor egenum*

990

Sir Ni It seemes that thou art needie, and wouldest beg
An almes of me, is that thy meaning, speake?

Lod. Ita domine ita, nam vehementer.

Sir Ni Tut a figges end, vehementer quotha?
Theres a word indeed to begge withall:
It is inough to bring thee to the stocks.
This is no Vniuersitie, nor Schoole,
But a poore Village: and I promise thee,
I neuer could abide this Romish tongue.
Tis harsh, tis harsh, and we, I tell thee true,
Do eat and drinke in our plaine mother phrasē:
If thou doest want, and wouldest haue part with vs,
Then do as we do, like an honest man,
Shew thy true meaning in familiar termes

1000

Lod. I am good sir, if please you, much distrest,
Hauing nor money, friends, nor meate to eate:
If it may stand with your humanitie
To giue me some reliefe, Ile pray for you,
And whilst I liue be thankfull for the same.

1010

S. Ni Why so, now I vnderstand thy meaning,
Is not this better farre then respice

E

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And precor, and such Inkehorne tearmes,
As are intollerable in a Common-wealth?
Coniurers do vse them, and thou know'ft
That they are held flat Fellons by the law.
Be sure thou mightst haue beg'd till thou were hoarse,
And talkt vntill thy tougue had had the crampe,
Before thou wouldest haue bene regarded once.

It is not good to be phantafticall,
Or scrupulous in such a case as this
But to the purpose, thou art poore thou say'ft?

Lod. Exceeding poore, poorer then *Irus*,
He did enjoy the quiet of the minde,
Although his body were expos'd to want:
But I in body and in minde am vexed.

Sir N. I feare by keeping riotous company
Or some such misdemeanour?

Lod. Then I wish,
That God may turn your hart from pittying me.

Sir N. Well, thou sayst well, thou haft an honest face,
And art beside, a pretie handsome fellowe:
Me thinkes thou couldst not want a seruice long,
If thou wouldest be contented to take paines.

Lod. Oh sir, the world is grown so ful of doubts,
Or rather so confounded with selfe-loue,
As if a poore man beg, they straight cōdemne him,
And say, he is an idle vagabond:
Or if he aske a seruice, or to worke,
They straightway are suspiciois of his truth:
So that howeuer, they will find excuse,
That he shall still continue miserable.
And tis as common as tis true withall,
The weakest euer goe vnto the wall.

Sir N. By my faith thou sayst true, the more is the pittie.

Lod. But if you will vouchsafe, because my state
Is very bare, and I am here vnknowne,
To be a meanes to helpe me to some place,

1020

1030

1040

Where

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Where I may serue: my paines I do not doubt,
Shall prque my pouertie no counterfeit

1050

Sir Ni. Faith I must tell thee, I haue little coine,
My Benefice doth bring me in no more
But what will hold bare buckle & thōg together,
And now and then to play a game at bowles:
Or drinke a pot of Ale amongſt good fellowes.
And for my Parishioners, they are husbandmen,
Nor do I know of any lacks a seruant.

But this, the Sexton of our Church is dead,
And we do lacke an honest painfull man,
Can make a graue, and keepe our Clock in frame,
And now and then to toule a passing bell:
If thou art willing ſo to be emploid,
I can befriend thee.

1060

Lod. Oh withall my heart,
And thinke me treble happie by the office.

Sir Ni. Thy wages is not great, not much aboue
Two Crownes a quarter, but thy vailes wil helpe,
As firſt the making of a graue's a groate,
Then ringing of the bell at euery buriall,
Two pence a knell: which likewife is a groate.
And now and then the maifters of our Parish,
(As good man Flaile, & Bartholmew Pitchforke)
Will bid thee home to dine and ſup with them.
Befide, thou haſt a houſe to dwell in rent-free:
And for the liking that I haue in thee,
Thou ſhalt be ſomewhat better too for mee:
The grafting of a pigge within the Churchedyard,
Or when I gather vp my Tithes, an egge,
A good hogges pudding, or a peece of loufe:
What man tis? good fare in a countrey houſe,
Come follow me, Ile ſee thee plac't forthwith.

1070

Lod. I thanke you ſir, when all things run awry,
True labour muſt not be thought flauery.

1080

Exeunt.

E 2

Enter

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Enter Frederick and Odillia.

Sc ix

Fre. If you be able to endure the way
Till we haue passed *Brabant*, we will on :
But Madam, if you hardly brooke your trauell,
We'll take the right hand way into the Forrest,
Where we will shrowd vs secretly till night

1090

Odillia. Let vs not stay neare to my fathers Court,
Not for a world I would not hazard thee,
No world could faue if taken thou shouldest bee,
Me thinkes tis long before the funne arise.

Fre. A it is long *Odillia* of thine eyes,
Who slumbring still, imagines it is night,
And that the shining is his sisters light.

Odil. No, tis the Moone, sweete *Ferdynand* I see,
Keepes backe her brother still to looke on thee

Fre. I maruell not poore light if she decline,
When my *Odillia* doth so early shine

1100

Odil. Come, come, sweete loue, O I am full of feare,
Bee I the Moone, thine arme must be my spheare.

Fre. O were I heauen, thou euer should'st shine there

Exeunt

Sc. x

Enter Emanuell and Shamont.

Ema. O miserie, why didst thou baite my fall
With these descending shadowes of my good ?

Sha. My Lord, nere stand vpon these vaine exclaines,
But by purfute, feeke to redrefse your wrongs,
Tis speedy expedition must recouer,
What light beleefe, and ouersight hath lost.

1110

Ema. Horses I say, let horses be sent forth,
No Christian Prince that treads on *Europes* mold,
I thinke that will so farre engage his honour,
As entertaine this damned fugitiue.
Horses I say, spurre, spurre, through euery coast,
Put on the wings of speedy expedition,
In the pursuite of my *Odillia*:

Deaffen

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Deaffen the very aire with your exclaimes,
And fill each Prouince with the ceasleffe brute,
Ring out this famous wrong in your pursuite.

1120

Sha. Come, come, my Lord, incessant speed must post,
Words cannot get what you haue vainely lost

Enter Yacob, Oriana, and Dyana.

Sc. xi

Ya. Oh here godt, mijne lifekin, whare will ye from mee
ganne?

Ori. Farewell mine host, we are for England bound,
Out of your debt, for you are satisfied.

Ya Yaw, yaw, ye heb well betalld

1130

Ori So leaue I you to seeke my husband out,
Whom your vnciuill vfang forced hence,
Your imperfections (*Yacob*) are extreame,
Excesse in diet, kindled fire of lust,
The smoake whereof vnkindly chaft away
My louing husband, whom I must pursue.
We owe ye nothing, not so much as loue,
Since for your lust you haue abusde vs all,
We haue not falne, thogh want did wrastle hard:
Our fingers ends our honours haue sustaintd,
Flaunders farewell, yrksome without my Lord,
And *Newkerke* for his sake be thou abhord.

1140

Ya. Hore ye well yffrow? ken ye whare to find you man?

Ori. I trust at London.

Dya. Mother, please you goe?

The ayre's infected where this glutton breathes,
That makes vs Pilgrimes without deuotion.
Amend thy maners, or let all refuse
To host with thee, that wouldst thy guesse abuse.

Exit Oriana, and Dyana · manet Yacob. 1150

Ya. Adiew skone meskyn, adiew zoot frow,
Ick will mijne felue staruen vp de galligo bobbintow,
Ick fall be dode shone met dis meager loue.

Enter Bunch.

Sweg *Yacob* sweg, here comt *Bunch* dat boue

. *The weakest goeth to the wall.*

Bun. Now mine Hoste rob pot, emptie kan, Beere sucker, Gudgen, Smelt I should fay, haue the women paide ye?

Yacob Yaw, yaw, all to mall

Bunch. All to mall, drunken Cannyball, and where be 1160 they I pray ye?

Ya. A *Bunch, Bunch,* deye bene aweigh lop't,
Deye will niet langer met mijc blieuen

Bunch. Blieuen ye blockhead? no, thou art such a drunken Goate, that the diuel will not dwell with thee, except he be in thy coate

And whither are they gone Beere Barrell?

Ya Ick weat not, for *Englant*, for *Loundres* they segt.

Bun. How? for *England?* for *London?*

O Saint Katherns Docke,
And leau me behind them?

1170

Yacob doest thou not mocke?

Ya. Niet for ware.

Bunch For *Ware* drunkard? thou saidst for *London* euen now.

Ya. Yaw for *Loundres*, tis ware, tis true.

Bun Then gentle Swiboll, Ile bid *Flaunders* adieu.

O pittileffe parcelles of womens flesh, that knew *London* is my Country, and for all my good will would not call me to their Company: Well, *Bunch* will not banne them, nor yet 1180 follow them, nor yet tarry heere: but take vp my tooles, my preffing Iron & Sheeres, my Needle & Thimble, and backe againe for *Fraunce*, to learne more wee, and wee daw, and so farewell *Yacob* with your great maw.

A dieu mine host lick-spigot, at the signe of the flipper, When you meet with the Cat, for my sake whip her (leuen,

Ya. Ha *Bunch*, mijen hart is gebroke, ick mought niet lang Come met mey, at parting, ick fall de tweae stopen van Bere

Exeunt. (geuen.

Enter Ferd and Odillia.

. Sc. xiij

Ferd. Thus farre (sweet Lady) safely are we scap't,

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

1192

And hardly shall they ouertake vs now,
Though every way pursuite do follow vs
Be cheerfull then *Odilia*, Loue is guide
Who sweares that Fortune shall vs not diuide

Odilia. Deare *Ferdinand* I neither feare nor doubt,
Perrill is but a Bugbeare for a childe,
My heart is firme, and fortified with loue,
Witnesse this desperate tender of mine honour
Into thy hands, which thou hast yet preferu'd

1200

Fer. And will preferue it whilſt I draw this breath,
And bring it sacred to our nuptiall bed

Odil. Then *Ferdinand* belike ye meane to wed?

Fer. Meane not you so?

Odil. Yes, but with whom?

Fer. Madame I trust with mee.

Odil. Well maist thou trust, Ile marry none but thee
I know thy bringing vp, though not thy birth,
Thou art deriu'd from *Adam*, form'd of earth:
From that first Parent all descended are,
Then who begat or bare thee that's not my care.
Thou stolft my heart, I stole with thee thus farre,
Loue wrought our ioy, lack shall not make vs iarre.

1210

Fer. O happie accents of a heauenly tongue.

Odil. Lets iourney on, we tarry here too long.

Enter Bunch

Alas who is this?

Bunch. Faith one that will do ye no wrong.

Fer. Peasant thou canſt not.

Bun. No ſir ye are deceiu'd, I am no Peasant, I am *Bunch* 1220
the Botcher: Peazants be plowmen, I am an Artificiall.

Odil. Simple and pleafant this poore fellow ſeemes,
Question him further *Ferdinand*

Fer. I will: My friend where are wee?

Bunch. Cannot you tell?

Ferd. No.

Bunch.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch Then ye ha no wit, are not we heare I pray you?

Fer. We are here indeed, but say what countrey's this?

Bunch. Nay ye ask'd me not that before,

Nor I cannot tell ye it now

1230

Odil. Whither goe you my friend?

Bunch Tis true indeed your friend, and *Barnabie Bunch*,
I am going to *Fraunce*.

Fer. And can ye speake French?

Bunch. I fir I would be sorie else.

Enter Lodwick like a Sexton.

Fer. D'ou venu vous?

Bunch. I neuer learnt so farre, I cannot tell ye that, I am
but a straunger in the country: here comes one perchance
can tell ye.

1240

Fer. I pray you sir what territorie's this?

Lod. Part of the base countrey of *Fraunce* it is,
The Village name is *Ards* in *Picardy*.

Fer. What entertainment can the town afford
To trauellers?

Lod. Too meane for such as you.

Fer. Inhabit you this Village?

Ld. I forsoothe

Why gazest thou vpon me so my friend?

Bunch. By *Jacobs* staffe and *Tumballs* fiddle,
Because Ile spose ye with a Riddle
Two hees, two shees, by night fled tuch,
And light vpon a hannykin Dutch.

Yacob builded a new kerke,
And with his chaulk writ such a quirke,
That wife and child were left alone,
The skore is paid, and they are gone.

Lod. Let this alone friend till an other time,
My skill is small in Riddles or in Rime,
Be silent *Bunch*, till we be rid of these.

1250

Close aside to Bunch.

Fer. You seeme a man belonging to the Church,

And

1260

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And we haue Church-worke to be finished:

In plainest termes, we would be married,

Accomplish our desire for recompence

Lod. I blush not at my calling Gentleman,
The Sextens place of *Ards* I now professe,
If that faire damsell do consent with you,
Ile call the Viccar to conioyne ye straight

Odil. Call him good friend, for my consent is past.

1270

Bun Nay but call him quickly, for ye see shees in hast.

Lod. Maister, Sir *Nicholas*, heer's a commoditie,
A marriage that must quickly be dispatch'd

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Nicho. Gramercy Sexten, this was featly watch'd.
Welcome fresh Gallants to the Towne of *Ards*.
A prettie couple, youthfull as the spring, sweete as is May
morning, doo you desire to be knit togither?

Ferd. In holy marriage (Sir) would we be ioynd.

Nich. In holy wedlocke Gentles, so I meane,
Ye are in the stafe of grace, Twinnes in affection,
Turtles in true loue, I know ye haue no Lycense,
And tis no matter; holie matrimony shall passe my libertie
Without examining: youl pay mee?

Ferd. I.

Nich. Come, Ile glue ye togither by and by,
To the lawfull bed, to the lawfull bed:
Fie on this Fornication, this lasciuious lust:
And yet the flesh prickes my holy selfe now and then:
Come follow mee, Ile call some more witnesse,
And clap it vp presently.

1280

1290

Ex. Ferdinand, Odilia, and Nicholas. Manent

Lod. and Bunch, who haue whispered.

Lod. But are my wife and daughter gone indeed

F

For

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For *London*? and haue paide the debt we ought?

Bunch. By my sheeres, (and that's a shauing oath)
They are gone for *London*, they haue paide *Jacob*:
But they shall loose their labour,
Because you are not in *England*

Lod. But I will send, or I will soone be there,
I must not liue diuided from my ioy.

1300

Bunch. And yet I thinke you liue well
By this Science of Sextenship:

Lord, do not you pray that the pippe may catch the people,
That you may earne many groats for making graues?
Your Church-wardens finde bell-ropes,
And you hands to shake them

Lod. Th'art a mad fellow, but how knewst thou mee,
In this disguise?

1310

Bunch. Tut well ynough: But harke the Viccar calls.

Lod. Come *Bunch*, weell finde more time to talke annon.

Exeunt

Enter Hernando, Don Hugo and Mercury disguised,

Sc. xiii

in priuate conference with Hernando, with

Souldiours.

Her. I like thy words, and though I recke not much

The death of any priuate man in *France*,

Because in multitudes confisfts our glory:

Yet to make knowne how we do cherish such

As will in any fort reuolt to vs,

1320

Kill *Epernoune* as thou hast vndertane,

And thy reward shall be a Tunne of gold

Mer. *Hernando* I will do it, not so much

For mony, as for zeale I beare to *Spaine*,

Though I confess the principall reason

That vrgeth me being a French man borne,

So to forget the loue my Country claimes,

Is the

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Is the vnifferable wrongs I beare,
The wrongs that *Epernune* hath done to mee,
And in that point I hold it no disgrace
To malice him, that first dishonour'd mee

1330

Her. Why true, thy reason is substantiall
For say a Father do forget to shewe
The loue by nature he doth owe his sonne,
In my opinion tis no sinne at all,
If such a sonne cast off the awfull dutie
Which to his Father otherwise were due
In all things iust proportion must be kept.
If the king care not for the Common-wealth,
Why should the Common-wealth respect the king?
But to the purpose: how wilt thou contrive
The manner of his death?

1340

Mer Why as I told your grace
In this daies parley twixt the French and you,
Whilst you are busie, ile infert my selfe
Amongst the fouldiers of that aged Earle,
And gathering neere his person, suddenly
Thus send my poyniard to his hategull brest.

Stay his arme.

Hugo What didst thou meane to wound our Generall?

1350

Her. Silence *Don Vgo*, no such matter man,
He is a villaine, and weeble vse him so.

Mer I am indifferent, had I spilt his bloud,
It was my comming: but preuented thus:
Now *Epernoune* shall be the marke I aime at;
For one I vow, though to haue flaine them both
Had bene exceeding good: how now my Lord?
Misconster not, I meant your grace no hurt,
Though mine inkindled fury when I thought
Of *Epernoune*, made me draw forth my ponyard,
It was to shewe how resolute I am.

1360

Her. I know it was, found we parley then,

The weakest goeth to the wall.

That *Epernoune* may know we are in place,
Where conference was appointed to be had:
And as they march, fall thou in ring with them.

*Enter Epernoune carried in his Chaire, and
souldiers marching.*

Now Cripple what your legges refuse to doo,
I know your hands will presently performe.
I meane, deliuer me the Crowne of *France*

1370

Eper. Raife me a litle, fellowes in my chaire,
Hernando, what saidst thou? deliuer thee
The Crowne of *France*? why stragling Spaniard
What makes thee ouerweene thy valour so?
Thinkes thou because I seeme a witherd tree
That I am sableffe quite? no Duke, there liues
Within this riueld flint some sparkes of fire,
Which if thou touch, will flie into thy face.
Nor do not thou contemne me for mine age,
This eye is not so dimme, but I perceiue
The markes of arrogance vpon thy browe:
I, and for frown, I can returne thee frown.
What glory not so much vpon thy strength,
The day hath bene this body which thou seest
Now falling to the earth, but for these proppes
Hath made as tall a souldier as your selfe
Totter within his saddle: and this hand
Now shaking with the palfie, caske the beuer
Of my proud Foe, vntill he did forget
What ground he stoo'd vpon: go too, go too,
The Crowne of *France* deliuer'd to thy hand?
Good King, how is thy dignitie blasphemde?
But do thy worste, I am his Substitute,
And though I cannot strike, yet with a becke
Can I raife vp more fists about thine eares
Than thou hast haires vpon thy tawny scalpe.

1380

1390

Her.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Her. Am I reuilde and basled to my face,
And by a Dotard? one but for his tongue,
In whom there is no difference twixt himselfe,
A meere Anothomie, a lack of lent,
And the pale Image of a bloudleſſe ghoast?
Yet doth he looke as big as *Hercules*,
And would be thought to haue a voice like thunder.
Well *Epernoune*, there is a priuiledge
That babes may speake their pleasure without check,
Else quickly should my fword breake off this parlie,
And with a fillip fend thee to thy graue

1400

Eper. Callest a me backe? it neuer shall be said,
But *Epernoune* will shew himselfe a man,
And whilſt the breath is in his noſthrills, proue
A reall ſubſtance, and maintaine the right
Of *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, euen by the dint of ſword:
Lend me your hands, Ile chalenge him the fight.
Twit me with babe? lend me your hands I fay.

1410

i. *Sol.* Ah good my Lord preſume not, you are weake
Eper. Weake knaue? thou lieſt.

Her. Get him a ſtanding ſtoole,
And then perhaps the child will leарne to goe.

Eper. Yet child againe? alack it will not be,
My heart is good inough, but tirant age
Benummes thoſe instruments with which my heart
Should execute the office of a Knight.

1420

Medyna thou mayeft thanke the rigorous hands
Of strength-decaying age: theſe legges of mine
Had they not proued rebels to my minde,
Ere this I would haue taught thee to vſurpe
Vpon our confines; but what they omit,
Here are both armes and legges to fee performd

i. *Sirrha* ſtand back, know'ſt thou what manners is?
To preſſe fo neare the perfon of our Generall?

1430

Mer. I am a ſouldier, wherefore may I not?

The weakest goeth to the wall.

1. Snall euery common fouldier at a time
When serious matters are determinid on,
Betwixt both Armies: impudently thrust
Into the secrets of his Prince? stand backe.

2 Lay hands vpon the villain, see within his fist,
A naked poyniard.

Eper. How now countreymen,
What vnexpected mutinie is that?

Her. A plague vpon't, Don *Vgo* hees discouerd.

1 Some treason as it seemes my noble Lord,
This base companion since you first began
To sit in parlie: hath at fundry times
Saucily presumde to vndermine your talke,
And being reprehended for the fame,
We found this dagger hid within his sleeue

Eper Doubtlesse he meant to murder me,
Now God be thanked I haue scapt his hands

Her. List *Epernoune*, he is a man of mine,
Touch not a haire of him, leaft for that haire
I send a hundred thousand of your soules
To dwell in darknesse.

Eper. How? a man of thine?
Vnleffe I be deceiu'd I know that face,
It is the Traitor *Mercury*, disguisde.

Her. *Mercury* my foe? had I but known so much
I would haue made him sure inough ere this,
But *Epernoune*, marke what I say to thee,
If thou wilt redeliuer to my hands
That iugling Duke, as I am Gentleman
And true to *Spaine*, I will depart your land.

Eper. Deliuer him? not for the wealth of *Spaine*.
Nor for the treasure you do yearely bagge
From both the Indies: but *Medyna* say,
What reasoun mou'd thee terme the Duke thy man?

1440

1450

1460

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And wherefore didst thou mention redeliuerie,
As though sometime he had bene in thy hand?

Her Ile tell thee *Epernoune*, as I am Knight,
Not sweruing from the truth in any point,
And keeping faith accordingly reward
His traiterous purpose, which is all I craue.

1470

This morning he was brought vnto my Tent,
Where being admitted, openly he shewd
How he had bene disgrac't and wrongd by thee,
For which he promisde, if I would consent
In this dayes parlie, he would murder thee.

I seeing his resolution, was perswaded:
And promising, I needs must say, reward,
Though I do know when he had done the deed,
How I was minded to haue dealt with him,
He thrust himselfe amongst thy followers,
And what the perill is you see your felues,
But all this while I knew not who he was,
More then a priuate discontented person,
For if I had, the wretch had neuer liued
To be an ey-fore to his countreymen

1480

i. Oh bloody practise, souldiers ioyne with me,
And we will teare him peece-meale with our hands.

All the rest Agreed: let him not liue a minute longer.

Eper. Pacifie your felues, not one of you
On paine of our displeasure, once offer
To touch a limbe of him: Ingratefull Duke,
Wherein hath *Epernoune* deseru'd thy hate,
That thou shouldst basely seek to murdet him?
But wherefore aske I that? when tis well knowne,
Thou didst as wrongfully pursue the life
Of noble *Lodwick*, that true Gentleman,
That very mappe of honourable cariage.
Amend, amend, be sory for thy fault,
That though thy body perish by the law,

1490

Thy

1500

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Thy wretched soule may haue a place in heauen

Mer. Tell not me *Epernoune* of heauen nor hell,
I am a Peere, and Regent of this Realme,
And thus you ought not to entreat a Prince.

All Soul Thou Regent of the Realme³ speake that againe,
And we will slit thy weasand with our fwords.

Eper. Souldiers forbeare

Her. Nay *Epernoune* shew iustice,
Vpon that caitiffe, that periured flauue,
That coward Duke, or here I do protest,
For euer I will speake in thy dispraise,
Reporting to the world thou art no Knight,
Nor worthy of the name of *Epernoune*.

Eper. My Lord, I may not take vpon my selfe,
To be his iudge, he is a Peere of *Fraunce*,
And must haue open triall by his Peeres,
But when the King my maister doth returne,
As shortly we are told he meanes to doo,
At his discretion be his punishment.

Meane space *Medyna* I can do no more,
But see him safely kept in Iron bands.

Her. Now that as thou art Knight, and for this day
I do proclaine a follemne truce with thee,
And not a sword of ours shall hurt the French

Eper As I am Knight, and leadge-man to the King,
He shall be kept in fetters till he come.

Her. It is inough: now backe vnto our Tents.

Eper And we vnto the Citie whence we came,
And for our safetie, praise *Iehouas* name.

Exeunt.

1530

Enter

The weakest goeth to the wall.

*Enter Villiers the Merchant, with Oriana
and Diana.*

Sc. xiv

Oriana. How shall we gentle Sir requite the grace
Which in so great necessitie we finde
At your kind hands? but with our daily praiers,
Implore the heauens for your prosperitie?

Dia. Which we will neuer cease to do, so long
As life remaines in our distressed bodies.

Vil. These words are needleffe, what I do to you,
The dutie of a Christian bindes me too
Remember then the promise you haue made,
That if your husband liue not, whom your felues
Do verily imagine to be dead,
That then you are my wife.

1540

Oria. That promise I wil keepe
Vnfeignedly, with hartie thankes to heauen,
That if my husband do not breathe this life,
My miserie yet sorts me at the last
A fecond choise, so louing and so kind.

Dia. And I right willingly shall call him Father,
That in such vertuous sort respects our need,
Without impeachment of our honest fame,
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.

1550

Vil. When I do otherwise, then as beseemes
The reputation both of your felues and me,
Conuert your loue to me, to deadly hate,
And may all tongues condemne me with reproofe
Come in then, take possession of your owne,
My lands, my house, my goods and all is yours,
Only my fisters portion, which I haue,
Vpon our troth-plight vow of marriage,
(If so your husband liue not,) set apart
And ordred in a readinesse for her.
Come louely mother, and thy vertuous childe,
When angry stormes are past, the heauens do smile. *Exeunt.*

1560

Enter Ferdinand, Odilia, and Lodowicke.

Sc. xv

Odil. Thus Ferdinand I see that we must part.

G

Ferd.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Ferd. Our needie state enforceth it sweete heart.

Odil. Will you to *Fraunce*?

Ferd. To *Fraunce*.

1570

Odil. And to the warres?

Ferd. To my aduancement, war must be the meane,
I cannot digge, I haue no handy-craft:
Our coyne is spent, and yet I cannot craue,
And thought of want, your want doth wound my soule,
When I consider what you are

Odil. O peace.

What am I but the wife of *Ferdinand*,
By loue and faith vnto thy fortunes bound?
O let me follow thee to those French warres

1580

Ferd. O prize your honour and my credit more,
Were it conuenient, we would not diuide:
But as it is, I must goe, you must bide.

Odil. So sayes discretion, but true loue repines,
That want should feuer those whom he combines,
But pardon sweete, my speech is spent in vaine,
You must depart, when will ye come againe?

Ferd. Soone, if succeſſe do anſweref my deſire.

Odil. Youle write to mee?

1590

Ferd. As oft as I can fende

Odil. Youle leauē me heere?

Ferd. With this assured friend,

Whose kindneſſe in abundance we haue found

Lod. Alaffe good fir, my meanes are weake ye know,
In sooth I am no richer then I shew:
Were wilches wealth, your want ſhould be ſupplide,
And haue no power your perſons to diuide.

For I protest, in all my life before,

I nere ſaw two whom I affected more

But this addes waight to mourners leaden griefe,

Words may bemoane, but cannot giue relieve

For part you muſt, extremitie to ſhunne,

In warres is wealth and honour to be wonne.

1600

Odil. And fame, and death, and then am I vndonne

Lod. Why death dwells here, you ſee my daily trade,

For

The weakest goeth to the wall.

For men of peace how many graues are made:
Your spowse with wealth and worship may returne,
And bring you ioy, that at his parting mourne.
Hope so, and hinder not his good intent,
That for his honour, and your welfare's meant
O that my cottage where ye must remaine,
Were (for your sake) the gloriouſt house in *Spaine*:
But as it is, your owne it is, and I
Your poore poore hōſt will tend you carefully.
But I am tedious in perſwasion,
And you foreſlow the preſent times occaſion.

1610

Odil. O do not mount him on the wings of haſt
That goes too ſoone

Ferd Deareſt, mine houre is paſt,
You gaue me leauē to goe, reuoke it not,
By lingring here theres no good fortune got.

1620

Odil. Youle weare my fauour?

Ferd Elſe let heauen hate me

Odil. Farewell ſweete heart.

Ferd Deare Loue God comfort thee
Father, I leauē my Iewell in your hand. *Ferd.* is going.

Lod I will be carefull

Odil. Sweete heart, *Ferdinand*.

Ferd What fayes *Odilla*?

Odil. Nothing but God-buoy ye *Exit Ferdinand.* 1630

Lod. Such loth farewell my wife and daughter tooke:
God bleſſe them both, and fend vs well to meeſe.
Take comfort Lady, though this houre be fad,
His ſafe returne with wealth, may make you glad

Enter Sir Nicholas and Bunch: *Sir Nicholas*
bath a Paper in his hand.

N. Sexton, I haue ſought thee in euery ſeate in the Church,
doubting thou hadſt bin drowſie, and falne a ſleep in ſome pieu.

Bunch. Ile be fworne from the Chauncell to the Belfrey ye
haue ſought him, and in the Steeple, for feare he had bene crept 1640
into a Bell, and bene a ſleepe: Lord how do you miſtreſſe? fie,
why do you weepe?

The weakest goeth to the wall.

N*z.* Faire Lady, let passe mourning for the absent; tis like sorrowing for the dead: either Idolatrie or Hypocisie, I cannot tell which: I could preach patience to ye, but your owne wit is-as much as my learning: your husbands absence you must beare; yea and beare him also; in minde I meane: there bee but three things that faue vs or condemne vs: that is, thoughts, words, and deeds: and you may haue comfort in all, and so be faued in them all; your owne good thoughts a good comfort: your friends 1650 good words, a better comfort: and your husbands good deeds at his returne, thebest comfort Thus much for instruction Commaund my seruice day and night, to ride and runne to doo ye good.

Odil. So M. Viccar, I am glad ye haue done

N*z.* For this time and place I haue, because I haue somewhat to say to my Sexton: here is a thing in writing (Sexton) that is sent to be published through all the French Kings dominions Read it, let me heare it, and then thou shalt know my minde.

Lodwick readeſ.

1660

To all Christians, and especially to the Kings Liedge-people, Lord *Eperoune* and the rest of the French Nobilitie send greeting: whereas the thrice noble, and renoumed Prince *Lodowick* Duke of *Bulloigne*, was by the Kings Maiestie (at his departure to goe on his deuoted pilgrimage to the blessed Sepulchre) appointed Ioynt-gouvernour, Regent, and Protector of the Realme of *Fraunce*: togither with that pernitious Arch-traytor *Mercurie*, Duke of *Aniou* during the Kings absence. And that the said noble Duke of *Bulloigne* was by the trecherous, vniuft, and vnlawfull Forces of the said *Mercury*, expulsed out of his Dukedom, 1670 Lands, Territories, and Reuenewes, and dispossessed of his place, if not of his life. For as much as the said notorious malefactor *Mercurie*, hath fithence proued himselfe an open enemie vnto his natvie Countrey and King. We haue thought good to publish and proclaime, that whosoeuer can bring true notice of the safetie and life of the said Duke *Lodwick*, shall haue twentie thousand Crownes. And he that doth present him alive, shall haue fiftie thousand Crownes To the end that the said most honourable vertuous Duke may be fully reposseſſed and restored

to

The weakest goeth to the wall.

to all his Lands, Liberties and places of authoritie in this Realme 1680
of *Fraunce*. Dated the last of May, &c. Subscribed by *Eper-*
nouye and other.

Nz. By my holy orders thou art as well worthy to be a Viccar
as my selfe, thou readeſt ſo well: I pre thee ſoone at Euenſong
read this to the Parishioners, I cannot be there, for I haue promi-
ſed to bowle a match with good fellowes this afternoone at
Gwynes for a wager, wet and drie, vꝫ. two gallons of *Gascoyne*
wine, and two French Crownes, I can ſtay no longer, I feare they
ſtay for mee.

Bunch By this light I neuer ſaw him make ſuch hafte into 1690
the Pulpit

Lod. Heare me one word good maifter ere ye goe,
And graunt me one petition, which is ſhort
All theſe French Crownes dare I affiſe mine owne.
For I do know where that poore Duke remaines,
And will preſent him to old *Epernoune*.
My fute is, that youle take this honeſt *Bunch*
To be your Sexton whileſt I am away.

Nz. I am content, giue *Bunch* the Church-doore key,
Vpon condition thou wilt ſay 1700
Euen-song to the Parish this afternoone,
And read that publication to them
Then go thy way to morrow if thou wilt:
Lord how time paſſes: In my conſcience I burne day-light,
Tis one a clocke at leaſt. Fare ye well, fare ye well,
I come yfaith lads, I come, though I come late,
I hope to lie as neare the Miftrefſe as any of ye all.

Exit.

Bunch. Well, I ſee I ſhall haue your office, and I truſt youle
beſtow your ſpade and your pick-axe vpon mee, that I may 1710
grinde them sharpe, to diſpatch a graue quickly. And I pray you
as ye trauell vp into high *Fraunce*, ſend the plague and the pox,
and as many diſeases as you can, downe into this Countrey to kil
the people, that I may get money for their graues making.

Lod. Heere take the key, and toll to Euening prayer,
Ile do my maifters bidding ere I goe.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Bunch. Sancti amen, God giue mee ioy and luck in mine office. Now boyes beware that ye wype not your noses on your fleeues, for and ye do, off goes your arme with the Church dore key. And dogs keepe out of the Chauncell, ye shall smell of the whip else. And honest Prentices, if ye please me, Ile not ring the foure a clock Bell till it be pastfive: an occupation and an office? now I see I shall thriue

Exit.

Odil. And will you goe and leau me here alone
My onely friend, now *Ferdinand is gone?*

Lod. Ask of your thoughts if they can counself keep:
Which if vpon your honour you affuse,
You shall pertake a secret very straunge

1720

Odil. My faith and honour be engag'd for it

Lod. Exterior shewes expresse not alwaies truth,
Nor do imaginacions euer fail:

My Sextons case doth clowde Nobilitie
And (if opinion do not reasoun wrong)
Rich noble bloud flowes through your pure cleare veines,
Which conceit drawes these secrets from my soule.

That fortunes scorne, that sorrow-tossed Duke

Lodwick of Bulloigne tells this tale to you
That can conceiue, conceale, and counsell mee

Say Lady, (for I know you are no leffe)

1730

Haue I not cause when Proclamation tells,

That *Lodwick* shall receiue redresse of wrongs?

To claime the due that therunto belongs?

Odil. Great cause my Lord, and I to be content,
In this poore Coate to rest me patient,
Vntill my husband come or send for me

Lod. O had these tydings come ere he had gone,
Then he nor I had trauelled alone:

For Lady, I affirme it constantly,

I loue the Gentleman religiouly,

Which in my bettered fortunes he shall find,

And then to you I purpose to be kind:

Then what you are, speake freely your faire mind.

1740

Odil.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Odil. Emanuell Duke of Brabant calld me child,
Till him for loue my *Ferdinand* beguild.

Lod. I said and knew ye were no vulgar Dame,
For sparkes of honour will burst into flame:
Haplesse *Odilla*, but most fortunate,
Compar'd with my poore wiues and daughters state.

Odil. Where be those Ladies? let me them attend.

Lod. O knew I where, all grieve were at an end:
I heare, that London is their mansion place.

1760

Odil. But shall they not be sent for by your grace?

Lod. Not yet *Odilla*, first Ile visit *France*:
Where if good starres my state do readuance,
And graunt me power to free my native foyle,
From those that now her wealth and beautie spoyle:
I may with comfort then call home my Ioy,
Till then, their fight will but reviue annoy

1770

Odil. What can you prize so highly as their fight?

Lod. Women dicerne not mens affaires aright:
I prize mine honour, and my countreys good,
More than wife, children, or my proper blood

A Bell tolls within.

Harke the Bell tolls, the Sexton I must play
By promise once, to morrow Ile away.
Let me receiue some token at your hand,
That I may carrie vnto *Ferdinand*:
And this forget not, for a finall end,
To come to vs if we for you do send.

1780

Exeunt.

Enter Epernoune brought in, in his chayre
So from this place I shall behold the fight
Betwixt both Armies: now go one of you,
And with our Leaders prefently giue charge,
The other stay with me: Oh might the fight
Of *Epernoune*, be like the noone-tide Sun,
With the reflection of his feeble eye,
To melt like waxe the courage of our foes,
And make the French men stiffe as Adamant:

Sc. xvii

1790

Then

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Then could my heart excuse mine idle hands,
That they beare not a part in this conflict.
But now defiance from each partie flies.

Sound Trumpet first.

*Enter Ferdinand purusing Don Hugo,
 cutting him soundly*

A valiant Gentleman what ere thou art,
And by mine honour very nobly fought:
I haue not seene in all my life before,
So young, a tender, and effeminate face,
Father such rough and manly fortitude,
How like a waightie hammer did his fword
Fall on the Spaniards shrinking burgonet?
That had he not betooke him to his heeles,
This houre had bene his latest houre of life.

1800

Alarum.

Enter Ferdinand againe, purusing Don Hugo

What still in chace? he will not giue him ore
Till he hath flaine, or made him yeeld I see:
A right begotten cockrell of the game.
Whence may he come? as I remember me,
I neuer sawe him in our campe till now.
I prithee goe raunge, through our battaile rankes,
And when you ouertake him, gently craue
He will vouchsafe to come and speake with me.
My heart's enamoured on his valourous deeds,
Spaniard, some more of such a haughtie breed,
Would make the stoutest of your hearts to bleed.

1810

Enter Ferdinand

And here he comes, faire bud of Chiualrie.
Welcome to *Epernoune*, giue me your hand,
I thanke you euen with all my very heart,
For this good seruice you haue done ro day.
Are you of *Fraunce* I pray you, or what place,
Is honourd by your noble parentage?

1820

Fer. I am (my Lord) the Duke of *Brabants* subiect,
A younger brother, whose inheritance

Is

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Is little more then what his sword shall purchace,
And for that cause, admonisht of these warres
Betweene the haughtie Spaniard and this Realme,
The noble *Burbon* gaue me entertaine.

1830

Eper. Are you his souldier? trust me for his sake,
I loue you better then I did before,
And for some confirmation of my loue,
Take this in earnest of a greater good.

Fer. I humbly thanke your Lordship, and will rest
A faithfull seruitor to *Fraunce* and you.

Eper. Nay stay a while, refresh your weary limbes,
A little intermission will do well,
Amidst these fweating gorboyles: holy roode
There runnes a thought into my labouring minde,
Which from my heart fends gladnesse to mine eyes.
Me thinkes the more I view this Gentleman,
The more he doth resemble *Bulloignes* Duke,
The vertuous *Lodwick* both for face and limbe,
When he and I were fellow-mates in armes,
Against the Turke, such deeds of hardiment,
Did *Lodwick* shew as he hath done this day. .
Euen such a iesture had he when he talkt,
As milde and affable in time of peace,
As he was sterne and boistrouis in the warres.
All thesee apparent in this towardly youth,
Earle *Lodowicks* want doth wet my cheekees with ruth.

1840

1850

A shoute within, enter a Souldier.

What meanes this chearefull shoute?

Sol My Lord,
The battle of the Spaniards is disperst:
Beside, I bring to you this happie newes,
The worthy Duke of *Bulloigne* long desirde,
And much bewailed for his iniurie,
Liues and returnd about an houre since.
At his first comming, armd in complete steele,
Chaleng'd the Duke *Medyna* at his Tent,
And there in fingle combat like himselfe,

1860

H

And

The weakest goeth to the wall.

And like'a father of his countreys weale,
Hath flaine that proude disturber of our peace:
For which the Souldiers as you heard my Lord,
Did fill the ayre with their applausfue shoutes:
Thronging about him in such clustering heapes,
To see his face and do him reuerence,
As scarce he hath free paſſage to this place.

1870

Eper. Oh that I had or legges, or wings to flie,
That I might quickly satisfie mine eie
With ficht of him whose companie's more worth
Then heapes of countleſſe, and vnuſued Treasure.
But wher's the other Leader of that route,
Surnam'd *Don Ugo*, is he ſcapte the field?

Sol. This Gentleman before *Medyna* dyed,
Gauſe him his paſport to his longeſt home
But my good Lord, I almoſt had forgot
The latter part of my behouefull meſſage.
There is a ſtraunger Duke, of whence, my haſte
Suffred me not to be iñſtructed,
That likewiſe came with aide vnto our Campe,
And is well knowne vnto my Lord of *Bullogne*.

1880

Eper. Now if I were incloſde within my graue,
I would as willingly forſake the world,
As wofull prisoners many yeares deteind
In darke obſcuritie, could be content
To chaunge the dungeon for a publike walke.
But firſt let vs embrace our louing friend.

1890

Sol. Your honor may ſit ſtill, hees comming hither.

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell Duke of Brabant
with ſouldiers.*

Eper. Right worthy Duke, whose victories euer ſhonne
Through cloudes of enuy, and diſaſter chaunge,
Make rich my boſome with imbalming thee,
And wherein ought my reſtraines my faltring tongue
Let vowes for words diſtinguiſh my content.
Welcom, oh welcom to vngouernd *Fraunce*,
Whose working garment of afflicting warre,

1900

Is

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Is now cast off, and she hath gyrt her selfe
In peacefull robes of holiday attire

And you my Lord of *Brabant* as I thinke?

Bra. Your friend Lord *Epernoune* in what he may.

Eper. Welcome in sooth, your presence with the rest,
Hath made me happie, and my countrey blest.

Lod. These greetings reuerend Earle, exceed desert,
Had it bene *Lodwicks* fortune to haue donne
Ten times more seruice then this dayes exployt:
It might not be sufficient to redeeme
The lack of his endeuours all this while.
But heauen and you I hope will pardon me,
Considering I was forc't from hence to flie

Eper. I and most wrongfully inforc't my Lord,
But he that was the author of that ill,
The traytrous Duke of *Aniou*, by iust heauens,
Now at your mercie stands, one fetch him forth,
And *Lodwick* repossefled in the place,
If that authoritie his highnesse gauε;
Iudge and condemne according as you please.

Lod. No, let him still be prisoner where he is,
Your wisedome hath discouerd his abuse,
And our dread Soueraigne shall determine it:
Were it my wrongs were greater then they are,
I will not be a factor for my selfe.
Now, what is he my Lord of all this traine,
By whom our other enemie was slaine?
Don Ugo de Cordoua: faine would I
Know that braue Gentleman, and for the fame,
Add somewhat more vnto his honourd name.

Eper. Therein my Lord, I shall account my selfe,
Much pleasurd by your grace: and this is he,
My Lord of *Brabants* subiect as he said.

Bra. My subiect? traitrous villaine how he lies,
But I will be reueng'd vpon his crimes.
What may I call your name young Gentleman?

Fer. My name is *Ferdinand*

1910

1920

1930

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Lod. I know it well,

And little thinkes he tis the Sextons hands
Draws forth a fword to giue him Knight-hood here:
But I am glad it is my fortunes chaunce,
To be of power to shew him any grace,
Whom I admir'd when first I saw his face.
Kneele downe young *Ferdinand*, and now againe,
Rise vp Sir *Ferdinando*, *Lodwicks* Knight.

1940

Bra. And rise withall base *Ferdinand*, false wretch,
Viler then puddle durt, thou spring of hate:
Neuer begot but of some dunghill churle.
Durft thou auow thou waſt my ſubiect? durft
That impious tongue pronounce my name,
Whom thou haſt moſt ingratefully incenſt?
Villaine, moſt abiect than thought can decipher,
But I am glad that we are met at laſt.
Here in this preſence I do chalenge thee
Of moſt notorious fellowny and theft:
Let me haue iuſtice on this fugitiue
You Peeres of *Fraunce*, or elſe you iniure me.

1950

Lod. What moues the noble *Brabant* to this rage?

Eper. Oh wherfore ſtaine you vertue and renouerne
With ſuch foule tearmes of ignomy and shame?

1960

Bra. Vertue my Lords? you guild a rotten ſticke,
You ſpread faire honours garments on the ground,
And dignifie a loathſome ſwine with Pearle.
This shadow of a ſeeming Gentleman,
This gloffe of pietie, deceiuers your fight:
Hees nothing ſo, nor ſo, but one my Lords,
Whom I haue foſtred in my Court of almes
And to requite my carefull indulgence,
Hath Iudaslike betraid his maifters life,
And ſtolne mine onely daughter to allay
The ſenfull fire of his inkindled luſt:
For which, let me haue iuſtice, and the law.

1970

Lod. You ſhall haue iuſtice, though I cannot thinke,
So faire a ſhape hath had ſo foule a forge.

Eper.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Eper. Alack the day, misfortune should so foone
Disturbe our friendship was so well begunne:
Cope hither *Ferdinand*, and tell me truth
If thou be guiltie as the Duke informes?

Fer. I not denie my Lord, but I am married
Vnto *Odilia*, though vnworthy farre
Of such a gracious blessing: yet her loue
Was forward in the choise as well as mine.

Bra. See how he goes about to cloake the fact
With loue and marriage? no adulterous swaine,
Your hedge-betroathing couenant shall not serue.
Where is your sweete companion, where is she?
But we will talke of that an other time
Why is my Lord of *Bulloigne* so remisse,
And will not presently be giuen in charge,
A paire of boltes be clapt vpon his heeles?

Lod. Without offence my Lord vnto your grace,
My selfe will vndertake to be his bayle,
And he shall answere if you so be pleasede,
Your accusation when you will appoint
A day of hearing; be it to morrow next.

Bra. And euen to morrow let his triall be,
I will no longer haue the cause defer'd. *Exit.*

Eper. And *Ferdinando*, in this time of need,
Old *Epernoune* will stand thee in some steed.
Good Duke of *Bullen*, vse him kindly yet,
Whil'st I do follow this incensured Lord,
And try if teares may driue him to accord. *Exit.*

Lod. Now *Ferdinand*, heres none but you and I,
Know you not mee?

Fer. I cannot call it to my mind my Lord,
That euer I did see your grace till now.

Lod. Bethinke your selfe, looke better on my face.

Fer. There is my Lord, with pardon be it spoke,
A man in *Ards*, a Sezton of a Church,
With whom I had acquaintance, he me thinkes
Is somewhat like your excellency, or else

1980

1990

2000

2010

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I do not know where I haue seene your fauour.

Lod. The Sexton there is Duke of *Bulloigne* here :

Be not abash't, twas I to whom you left

Your faire *Odillia*, and tis I can witnesse,

That you and she are lawfull man and wife.

This may be some defence against the stremme

Of angry *Brabant*, that pursues your life.

Come, I haue send in priuate for the dame,

And by all meanes to shild you both from shame. *Exeunt.*

2020

Enter Sir Nicholas with a Letter, Odillia with a Letter

Sc. xviii

in her hand, Bunch, and Nuntio.

Ni. And must we thus (faire Lady) forgo your sweet cōpany ?

Odil. You see my Lord of *Bulloigne* fends for me,

With him remaines my husband *Ferdinand*,

So you perceiue how much it me concernes,

To leaue this place to better my estate.

Ni I cannot blame a faire Lady, to leaue a bad thing to go to a better: my friend, thank the Duke of *Bulloigne*, my quondam 2030
Sexton for his kind Letter. I may say that, nere a Priest in *Picardie* can say beside, that I haue had a Duke to my Sexton, bee it spoken without pride.

Bunch. The Diuell ye ha' was he not my petticeffor I pray ye? I washis quaintance afore he knew you, friend, do my condemnacons to him, one *Bunch* that botch'd in his Citie, ran away in his company, and dwelt where hee dwelt, with Dutch *Yacob Smelt*. And for my better grace, ye may say *Barnabie Bunch* that has his Sextons place. Harke ye friend, you haue brought no dis-eases with ye, haue ye? *Afside.*

2040

Nuntio. Why doest thou aske so fond a question?

Bunc Marrie I spake to him when he went, to send the plague or the pox or some disease of high *France*, downe into this lowe Countrey, to lay the men of *Aras* lowe, that that I may haue mony for their graues, and marrie one of theirwiues, ifye haue any furmitie about ye, as the stone, or the dropsie, the pip, or the palsey, Ile giue ye as much for it as an other to haue it left in our

Odil. Will ye not write Sir *Nicholas* to the Duke? (Parish.

Ni. To tell ye true Lady, a Letter of six lines, is three dayes worke

The weakest goeth to the wall.

worke for me. The Duke knowes my minde as well as if I did 2050
write: if he haue a better Benefice or two for me, tell him I will
come.

Bunch. Then we come, both the Viccar and the Sexton.

Odil Why *Bunch*, I thought you would haue gone with me.

Bunch. Truly not thus aduisde, if ye had no husband, so: but
hauing a husband, no. I can be but well, and the hardest of my
my learning is past: I can say *Amen* without booke, chime two
Bells at once, whip a dog with both hands, know the difference
of the stroakes in tolling for men and women: greafe the Bell-
ropes, turne the clappers, sweepe the church, helpe the Viccar on 2060
with his surplesse. All this I haue by roate ye may tell the Duke,
as if I had bene bound prentice to the Trade: and for making a
graue, come all *Picardie* for the price of my pickaxe.

Odil We stay too long, Sir *Nicholas*, farewell,
And farewell *Bunch*.

Exeunt Odilia and Nuntio.

Bunch Hartily to you: pray ye condemn me to your husband
M. farting Andrew.

Ni. Ferdinando, Bunch, thou misterm'st his name.

Bunch. So haue you done many a one in the first lesson, God 2070
forgive ye.

Ni. Let that passe amongst the rest of my veniall finnes,
And tell me *Bunch*, tell me, where's the best licker?

Bunch. At the greene Dragon gentle maister Viccar.

Ni Will the Dragon sting?

Bunch. From the head to the heele,
He will sting your braine so, that heele make your feete reele.

Ni. Lets go play for two pots, away *Bunch* away.

Bunch. Then the Parish is like to haue no seruice to day. 2079

Exeunt.

*Enter Lodwick, Emanuell, Epernoune in his chaire,
Frederick with the Prouost and
a Headfman.*

Sc. xviii

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, many things might vrdge
Your speed of Iustice, for so iust a wrong,
As the regard of your owne princely state,

In

The weakest goeth to the wall.

In case of him that is an equal Peere,
The right of Princes, which should vnder-prop
An honourable and direct reuenge.

I could perhaps say, were it not in Iustice,
The blood of *Brabant*, should deserue of *Bulloigne*:
But I disrobe and strip off all regard,
And lay my wrongs as nakedly before you,
As comes an Infant borne into the world.

Lod. My Lord of *Brabant*, what I freely vrdge,
Is not to to stop or turne the course of Iustice,
Which must fway all our actions, and must stand
Steady and fixed in one certaine point:
But onely by entreatie to your grace,
To supple your proceeding in this case.

Eper. My Lord of *Brabant*, may old *Epernoune*
By license of my Lord, the Duke of *Bulloigne*
Haue leaue to speake, an old foole that I am,
By your good patience let me say my minde.
Now by my troath I cannot speake for teares.
Alasse, alasse, theres something I would say,
Now God helpe age, would I were in my graue.
Iustice may cut off *Ferdinand*, where is he?
O art thou there poore man? alasse, alasse:
Iustice may cut him off, Ile not denie,
But turne him with his sword amongst his foes,
And he that buyes his life shall buy it deare
Alasse poore boy, would I could do thee good:
Oh to see him leade an Armie in the field,
Would make a man young, were as old as I.
I would thou hadst dyed where I saw thee last,
Euen in the midst of all the Spanish Armie,
On that condition I had dide with thee:
God helpe, God helpe, an ill mischance foone falles,
And still the weakest goe vnto the walles.

Bra. Defer me not my Lord, let me haue Iustice.
Lod. My Lord you must haue Iustice, that you know,
But yet my Lord of *Brabant*, might our loue

2090

2100

2110

2120

Rebate

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Rebate this sharpe edge of your bitter wrath:
With what an easie sweetnesse should our iudgement
Be relished of euery gentle heart?

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne* vrge me not with pittie,
He against whom I am thus pittilesse
Robd me of pittie. proceed vnto your iudgement

Eper. God help, pittie is banisht from the earth I see,
Thou pittiest none, nor no man pitties thee

2130

Bra. Old man thou doatest.

Eper. Thou art a naughtie Lord, I tel thee *Brabant*,
The day hath bene thou durst not tell me so.

Lod. Haue patience gentle father, true noble Lord,
He will haue death: whose there?
Commaund the Lady presently be brought.

Lodwick ascends, the Lady is brought in.

Bra *Lodwick of Bulloigne*, is it not inough
Thou haft delaide me in the case of Iustice,
But bringst this hatefull whore vnto my fight
To vex and grieue my soule? I tell thee *Bulloigne*,
Thou wrongst mine honour with indignitie.

2140

Fre Ah were it any tongue that calld thee so
But his *Odillia*, I would make that word
Hereticall and full of blasphemie.

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I will not abide her.

Lod. My Lord you must abide her, since for her
You seeke the life of this young *Ferdinand*,
Sift lawe so stricktly, follow the offence,
Take all aduantage of your euidence.

2150

Eper. Now by my troath a goodly wench indeed:
Alas poore Earle, faire Princeffe speake thy mind
And Ile stand by thy fide, and yet I cannot,
Ah this whorfon age, well, well.

Hee weepes.

Bra. I will not heare her speake.

Lod. All's one my Lord of *Brabant*, we will heare her:
Speake freely Princeffe, and without controll.

Odil. Right reuerend Lord, if onely for my sake,

2160

I

My

The weakest goeth to the wall.

My fathei seeke the death of *Ferdinand*,
I heere acquit my husband of the fault,
Although I cannot of the punishment.

I was the theefe, I was the rauisher,
And I am onely guiltie of the fact.

How like a robber did I lie in waite

With beautie to entrap his gentle youth?
And like a spirit when he hath walxt alone,
How was I euer tempting him to loue?

How with my fauour did I worke his breast,
Which at the first was stubborne, Iron, cold,
Till I brought his heart to supple temper,
To take the soft impression of affection?

With these allurements would I oft entice him,
Though thou be base, my loue shall make thee noble:

Though thou be poore, my power shall make thee rich:

Though thou be scornd, my state shall make thee reuerenc'd.

Let any of you all thinke with himselfe,

Were he so meane, so friendlesse, and vnknowne,
Wooed by a virgin Princeffe of my birth,

So young, so great, so rich, as is my selfe:

Thinkes he, he would not do as he hath done?

Hees guiltlesse of the fault: I was the cause,

Let me endure the rigor of your lawes.

Fer. O thou doest wound my loue with too much louing,
Thy beautie is not prized but with death:
That man hath not a soule, that would not die,
One houre t'enjoy thy blessed company.

Eper Nay, I must weep out these poore eyes are left,
I neuer saw a cause so full of pittie.

Bra. My Lord proceed, the law adiudges death
To him that steales the heire of any Prince,
That's not a Prince that doth commit the act.
He is my flaeue, one that was found by me
Being a child, not fully two yeares old,
And as't should seeme, begot in bastardie,
And by the parents to that wicked fruite,

2170

2180

2190

Left

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Left in the Riuers segges, there to be drownd,

• What time the warres in *Burgundy* fell out,

And that my Dutchesse perisht in the flight,

Nor neuer did I know what was his name,

Being so young, he could not tell the fame:

Onely vpon his muckiter and band, he had an F.

By which I did suppose his name was *Ferdinand*,

And so I nam'd him.

2200

Lod. O blessed heauen, what found is this I heare?

My little boy was lost euen at that time:

Iust of that age, and by that Riuers fide,

Whose name was christned *Fredericke*, by my father,

And had an F. on euery thing he wore.

2210

It is my sonne, be silent yet a while.

My Lord of *Brabant*, then I take exception

Both vnto your enditement, and your plea.

Bra. As how my Lord of *Bulloigne*? do me iustice.

Lod. He is endited by the name of *Ferdinand*,

And I will proue him christned *Fredericke*,

And thus is your enditement ouerthrowne.

Bra. It is a fallacie my Lord of *Bulloigne*,

He hath bene euer called by that name.

Bulloigne, do me Iustice, or by heauen

2220

It is not *Fraunce* shall hold thee, impious Duke.

Lod. Nay if ye be so hotte my Lord of *Brabant*,

Then to your plea, that doth concerne him most.

The lawe is this, that he shall loose his head,

That steales away the heire of any Prince,

If not a Prince that doth commit the rape

Bra. So is my plea.

Lod. I graunt, but voyd in this.

He is a Prince that stole away thy daughter,

This is not *Ferdinand*, but *Frederick*:

2230

The heire of *Bulloigne*, and my onely sonne,

Ah my sweete boy, ah my deare *Frederick*:

Here now I stand, and here doth stand my boy,

In Christendome let any two that dare

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Auerre it' to the father and the sonne,
That he is not as great a Prince as *Brabant*.

Eper Nay Ile be one, any three what ere they be,
And *Brabant* be thou one to answere vs,
Some honest man helpe me to *Friederick*.
For ioy I shall weepe out mine eyes

2240

Bra Bulloigne, how doest thou know him for thy sonne?
Lod Why Cousin *Brabant*, you say you found him
Hid in the segs by the Riuier euen at that instant,
And at the very place, the Dutchesse my deare sister perished:
With whom my little boy was at that time,
The place, the instant, and his certaine age,
The letters set to signifie his name,
The very manner of your finding him
When you departed from me with your Armie,
In the pursuite of trayturous *Mercure*
These all affirme that he is onely mine.

2250

Bra. My Lord of *Bulloigne*, I embrace your loue,
In all firme and true brotherly affection :
I make your sonne my sonne, my daughter yours,
And do intreat in Princely curtesie,
Old grieve henceforth, no more be thought vpon.

Lod. Deare brother *Brabant*, your true princely kindnesse
Doth but forestall, what I would haue requested.
Right noble Prince, I giue you *Friederick*,
And I accept your sweete *Odillia*

2260

Come, thou art now the Duke of *Bulloignes* daughter,
Thy husband is the Duke of *Brabants* sonne,
Thou shalt be now my care, my sonne thy fathers.
Thus do we make exchaunge betwixt each others,
Thus should it be, betwixt two louing brothers.

Eper Nay, nay, let me be one I pray you Lords,
I haue no child left to inherit mine
When I shall die, as long I cannot liue,
I freely giue them all that ere I haue. *He weepes.*

Lod. A thousand thankes, true noble *Epernoune*:
Brother of *Brabant*, *Friederick*, and faire Princesse,

2270

Imbrace

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Imbrace this noble Lord, and hold him deare.

All together. Our father, guide, and comfort we you call,
And be you euer honoured of vs all.

Enter *Villiers*, *Oriana*, and *Diana*.

Vil Iustice my Lord of *Bulloigne*, I beseech you

Bul My friend, what is thy cause, then let vs know,
Sit downe good brother *Brabant*, and the rest

Vil My Lord, my fute is here against a widow
That I haue long time su'd in way of marriage.

Bul. Let me with iudgement view this woman well 2280 *Aside.*

Stay let me see, it is my *Oriana*,
And my poore *Dyan*, my deare loued Girle.

Alasse poore soules, what woe and miserie
Haue ye endured since I left you last?
I will forbeare my knowledge till I see
To what effect this cause will sort vnto.

Tell on your case: of whence, and whats your name?

Vil. I am of *Rochell*, and my name *Villiers*.

Lod. Of what profession?

Vil. A Merchant I, my honourable Lord.

Orz. But though you be a Merchant, I beleue
Here is some ware you must not deale withall.
Thinkst thou *Dyana*, my deare Lord thy father,
Will know vs in this Seampsters poore disguise?

Dya. Madam, I know not, for much time is past
Since he at *Newkerk* parted with vs last.
She must be widow if the Merchants wife,
But by this match I thinke hee'll hardly thriue.

Lod. M. *Villiers*, you shall haue Iustice sir,
Speake in your cause you haue free libertie.

Vil My Lord of *Bulloigne*, thus then stands my case,
This Gentlewoman whom my fute concernes,
Being embark'd for England with her daughter,
To seeke her husband as she made report,
Twixt Sluice in *Flaunders* where she went aboord,
And Goodwines Sands, by Sturdie aduerse windes,
Was beaten backe vpon the coast of *Fraunce*,
And came to *Rochell*, where my dwelling is

2300

I ta-

The weakest goeth to the wall.

I taking liking of her, entertaind her,
Let her a houfe conuenient as I thought,
And lent her mony to supply her wants,
And afterwards wonne by affection,
I did solicite her in way of marriage,
But still she did deferre me with delaies,
Because she said her husband still did liue :
But for my kindnes if her husband died,
She told me then, I was the likeſt to ſpeed.
She hauing got ſome mony by her needle,
Desired me to let her haue a leafe :

2310

The leafe was drawne, to which ſhe put her name
Widow, which here her owne hand teſtifies :
Which being thus confeſſed by her ſelfe,
I by her promife claime her for my wife

2320

Lod The caſe is plaine

Oria. That he ſhall go without mee.

Lod Lady, what way haue you to auoyd this bond ?

Here is your hand fet to confirme the deed.

Oria. But not my heart : and that I will be fworne
Heer's one I thinke, that hath had that too long
To leauē it now, or else I haue more wrong
Vnto the Scriuener I referd the fame,
And he put that word, widow to my name
I humbly do intreat your highnes fauour,
For if you knew where I had dwelt before,
I thinke you would do that for me, and more

2330

Lod Speak gentlewoman, where haue you bin bred ?

Oria. I was attending in my yonger yeares,
And this sweet Girle, though now thus mean & poore
Vpon the Ducheffe, the Dukes wife of *Bullogne*
Though I ſay it, one that ſhe loued once,
Whilſt ſhe did flouriſh in proſperitie :
And had not fortune much impaird her ſtate,
I had not now ſtood in ſuch need of friends
But when the greateſt into daunger falles,

2340

The weakeſt ſtill did go vnto the walles.

She weepes.

Lod.

The weakest goeth to the wall.

Lod. Tis very true, that haue I tried my selfe,
Thy teares no longer can conceale my loue
Rise *Oriana*, rise my sweete *Dyana*,
Lodwicks true wife, and his right vertuous
Imbrace thy lost sonne *Frederick* once more,
Whom we suppos'd neuer to haue seene
With him receiue a daughter, *Brabants* heire,
He hath bene foster-father to thy boy,
And both are here to full compleat our ioy.

2350

Oria. My deare *Frederick*?

Dia. My beloued brother?

Fre. Oh happie *Frederick* finding such a mother,
And such a sifter, father, friends and all,
Neuer a man did better fortune fall.

2360

Lod. How say you M. Merchant? is your suite voyd
In lawe or no? is she a widow now?

Vil. No my good Lord, and I reioyce thereat

Lod. Thankes, but we will requite thy loue and kindnesse
Extended to them in necessitie.
And our reward thou shalt haue liberally.

Enter a Messenger.

What newes with thee, thou commest in such haste:

Mef. His highnesse from his holy Pilgrimage
Is home returnd, and doth require your presence.

2370

Lod. That's but our dutie, welcome is our King,
His highnesse now shall sentence traitorous *Aniou*,
According as his trecheries deserue,
And all our ioyes shall be disclosde to him,
That haue so happily this day befalline.

Thus time the faddest heart from sorrow calles,
And helps the weake, long th' ~~it~~ ^{it} unto the walles.

Exeunt.

R(S) N I S (S)